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Published by Times Newspapers Limited, 61 Chiswick Road, Lane, St. Albans AL2 3AG. Printed and printed by Northampton Mercury Co. Ltd, Upper Mount, Northampton NN1 6RN. Price February 6, 1987. Registered at the Post Office. ISSN 0307-241X.

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Cover picture

Le Corbusier at the opening of the Unité d'habitation, Marseille, in 1952. The photograph (copyright Fondation Le Corbusier) has been lent to the TLS by Tim Benton who, together with Neave Brown, Gallery Le Corbusier, Amsterdam, has organized the forthcoming exhibition at the Hayward 1990-1991 will be published shortly by Yale University Press. *Le Corbusier: Ideas and forms* by William J. R. Curtis is reviewed on pages 151-2.

The forms that move us

William H. Jordy

WILLIAM J. R. CURTIS
Le Corbusier: Ideas and forms
240pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £40.
0714823872

Of all the great modern architects of the twentieth century, Le Corbusier is most quintessentially "modern". Superficially, this is so because no other architect more ecstatically splattered his work and words with the flosam and jetsam of modernity: aeroplanes, automobiles, liners, factories and other artefacts of *l'esprit nouveau* during the 1920s, when this spirit burned most intensely. *L'Esprit Nouveau* was, in fact, the name Le Corbusier and the painter Amédée Ozenfant gave to the journal on contemporary life which they edited (and substantially wrote) between 1920 and 1925. Slightly reconstituted, articles from early issues appeared as a book in 1923, *Vers une Architecture* (translated as *Towards a New Architecture* in 1927). Much of it apparently inspired by Ozenfant, who was uncredited, it became the single most influential writing on modern architecture. This staccato "appeal to architects" juxtaposed images of machines with others showing the grandeur of past architecture, like the Parthenon (to mention only Le Corbusier's favourite example). If the contemporary world would have buildings as splendidly expressive of its time as the Parthenon was for Periclean Athens, then, he argued, architects must cease academic imitation. The modern equivalent for the "magnificent play of forms in the light" on the Acropolis resided in the purity, force and lyricism of modern machines (before electronic circuitry, when machine forms could, in fact, be plausibly compared to the sculptural geometries of Greek temples). "These are the forms that move us."

Le Corbusier's career, however, was distinguished by more than his surface enthusiasm for modern things: it was, in fact, the very epitome of modernity. Consider his approach to design as compared to peers with whom he is customarily ranked, Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe. Wright's approach to design was, as he himself characterized it, "organic". That is, designs evolved out of predecessors in a seemingly ineluctable manner. For example, a narrow semi-circular house inscribing the rim of the bowl-shaped depression for its garden became two interlocking circles in another de-



Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret's Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau, Paris, 1925. The picture is reproduced from the book reviewed here.

sign, then became a cluster of circles cut by the plane of the roof, then became a thin spiral from the ground as a bridge, and culminated as the swelling spiral bowl which makes the Guggenheim Museum. Born in 1867, a full generation before Mies and Le Corbusier around 1890, Wright designed in a manner which accorded with nineteenth-century sympathy for the emergent nature of things. In a very different way, Mies refined and perfected what was most austere essential as the structure or components of his buildings, until the "almost nothing" on which he pondered caught fire from the discrimination and intensity of his neo-classical sensibility. Le Corbusier's design, though, depended upon his gathering what seemed irreconcilable from disparate realms of human activity and knowledge into unexpected unions in which the tensions implicit in the disparity were also evident. The brisk wit and irony implicit in this collaged collision of seeming incompatibles was essentially modern.

Overarching this love of paradox was the equally innovative paradox which steadily shifted the focus of Le Corbusier's career from the realm of the machine to that of the primitive or archaic, with his intuition that these are poles that meet in contemporary life. The basic shapes intrinsic to modern things and expres-

sive of modern life also appeared in folk implements and tribal masks, and, for the designer, brought these disparate realms into *rapprochement*. It is because of such enthusiasms and beliefs that Le Corbusier fascinates, not only as an architect, but as the very embodiment of what it means (or perhaps meant) to be modern.

Not that William J. R. Curtis adopts such a thematic vantage-point from which to survey Le Corbusier's career. The architect's modernism is, of course, central to Professor Curtis's text. It could hardly be otherwise. But it in no sense provides an organizing theme either by which to examine the meaning of the architect's *oeuvre* in a broad way or as a focus to clarify his place in the history of modernism. Rather Curtis presents the most lucid and complete chronicle yet available of Le Corbusier's achievement, and (in the words of his title) the "ideas and forms" which successively and cumulatively account for its significance. It is, then, as incisive narrative, informed by biography (more summary than original) and illuminated by penetrating critical commentary, that this book excels.

Curtis's treatment of Le Corbusier's early work, up to 1932, is the strongest part of the book. This may be because, ever since the opening around 1970 of the Fondation Le

Corbusier in Paris as a repository for most of his drawings and papers, recent scholarship has concentrated on the architect's early career. Moreover, it is the portion of his career which speaks most directly to the concerns of the so-called postmodernist generation of architects. For Le Corbusier the years up to 1932 marked the time when he discovered and perfected a language of architecture for himself which reconciled tradition and modernism, even as he simultaneously justified his personal approach by positioning it within an emerging group style which would become canonical for modern architecture by 1930. The dialectical nature of Le Corbusier's design, in which past and present continue a dialogue as tensely distinct, but united, aspects of the new synthesis, has been especially congenial to postmodernists. In fact, postmodernism is little more than a fresh gloss on Le Corbusier's early writings and work. But to have simultaneously invented postmodernist architecture while discovering modernism is just the sort of irony which he would have relished.

Curtis is especially good in marshalling the early sources for Le Corbusier's career. These began in an art school in the Swiss watch-making town of La Chaux-de-Fonds. There, under the inspiration of Charles L'Eplattenier, a gifted teacher whose name would doubtless have perished except for his pupil, Le Corbusier was brought up to conceive of design as an assemblage of entities each one of which had meaning for the whole, and each of which took on additional meaning from shapes derived from the geometrical abstraction of the regional landscape. In La Chaux-de-Fonds, this process of abstraction centred on the indigenous fir trees (as needles, as cones, as branching, as pyramidal shapes) and the mountains. From the beginning, then, design for Le Corbusier involved components and geometry, but always with allusive significance, connecting architecture to other realms of experience.

Escaping from the constricted purview of his Swiss home, he made his two youthful "voyages" of the world between 1907 and 1911, with the wonder which enabled the gifted provincial (especially one attuned to find symbols in things) to see everything as revelation. This electrifying quality of revelation underlies the whole of Le Corbusier's career. In Italy and Greece, he discovered (among other lessons from the past) the classical worlds of Roman vaulting, the interplay of room and court in Pompeian houses, and especially Greek

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temples. In the Greek islands, he was struck by the force of primitive forms; as in Asia Minor, he was struck by the possibilities of grandeur from combinations of large simple forms in the mosques. Visits to three European capitals – Vienna, Berlin and Paris – gave him contact with modern ideas of the day. After his initial "voyages" were over and, after an interval, he had made his final break from the Alps, he settled in Paris; there, through the painter Ozenfant, he became aware of Purism, a brand of cubism which strained such shapes of everyday life as wine-bottles and machine parts through pristine geometries and harmonic diagrams. It was then that he entered into his lifelong parallel career as a painter. All the while he fed both careers from sketch-books full of headlong drawings which reduced what he saw to images which exemplify principle in symbol-like pithiness.

During the first decades of his architectural career, he established a language of components for modern architecture which he distilled as essential shapes, smooth surfaces, stilted supports, open plan, banded windows and flat roofs. Or rather he appropriated and contributed to what became a widespread style. But no other architect propagandized it as vividly as he; no one made it so apparent as a language. By simple diagrams, each element of the language became possessed of symbolic potency. Moreover, in his nervous prose, the style seemed compellingly logical, lyrical and ultimately inevitable.

In a more personal manner, he simultaneously sought to echo these ingredients of modern architecture with memories of his experience of historical precedent from classical and primitive sources brought back from the voyages. He also subjected these ingredients to mathematical schemes for harmonic order. As L'Epitaphier's pupil and a Purist painter, he wittily infiltrated their pristine geometry with tantalizing symbolic allusion to other realms of experience. Thus, the oval stack of an ocean liner became a free-form study on the roof

deck of a house; the struts and tapering wing of an aeroplane, a marquee – the geometry slyly adulterated with the found object from somewhere else, so that now-you-see-it, now-you-don't. In fact, however, his incisive mode of dissecting architecture, his meticulous design of components which at first appeared to be the "givens" of factory standardization, and the nicety of their distribution within the whole, all gave them a visual intensity which was itself latently symbolic.

With the decade of the 1930s and after, his inventions of architectural components and ideas proliferated. They became more specifically his own, and at the same time paradoxically the property of all modern architecture, enormously extending its expressive range: the ramp; the *brise-soleil* (literally sun-breaker, sculptural screening which shades the glass from summer sun and admits it in winter); an incredible array of windows for different functions; low vaulting in series; the exposure as sculptural form of such mechanical equipment as air-conditioning, and more. As Le Corbusier used them, they were not merely technical devices, but elements freighted with even greater symbolic potential than those he had used in earlier buildings. His work became more sculptural, more regionally attuned, and turned more directly to primitive and primordial inspiration. He came full circle, back to the explicit symbolism of L'Epitaphier's teaching, even creating what he himself termed a "hieroglyphics" for the architectural, natural, human and cosmic content of his work. These signs could be stamped into concrete, worked into wall tapestries, pieced into stained glass, or ornament and didactic reinforcement of his point of view.

Curtis is clearly enthusiastic about the great sculptural works of Le Corbusier's late period – among them, the apartment house in Marseille, the chapel at Ronchamp, the monastery near Lile, the capital buildings at Chandigarh in Punjab, and the houses with

their brooding vaults and deeply shadowed *brise-soleils*. He has already collaborated with Eduard Sekler on an important study of Le Corbusier's Carpenter Visual Center at Harvard University, yet his treatment of the late buildings seems more perfunctory than that of the earlier work, their illustration less complete. It may be that the greater complexity of these buildings and their number required more space than Curtis could give them. Or perhaps the very density of Le Corbusier's allusion in these late buildings got in the way of the author's description, making commentary seem both not enough and superfluous in the space provided. Or is it that the late buildings are, however admired, more difficult to come to terms with today? Shortly after his death, the force of the sculptural images of Le Corbusier's late buildings encouraged much muscular imitation in raw reinforced concrete, which was even then characterized as "Brutalist". Disillusion was inevitable, although the impact of the later work is inescapable. Indeed, Notre-Dame at Ronchamp, together with Frank Lloyd Wright's Falling Water, may be the greatest popular attractions of modern architecture.

Le Corbusier: *Ideas and forms* is an admirable introduction to the work of a great architect, especially in so far as it places the work within the chronology of his career. Stanislaus Van Moos's thematic introduction in *Le Corbusier: Elements of a synthesis* still remains the better introduction to Le Corbusier's ideas. More than architecture, however, both books also chart the voyage of one of the spiritual fathers of Modernism.

1987 is the centenary of Le Corbusier's birth, in honour of which the Hayward Gallery will present a major exhibition of his work (March 7 to June 7); William J. R. Curtis is among the contributors to the catalogue of the exhibition.

Proportional re-presentation

Henry Potts

CLIVE ASLET
Quinlan Terry: The revival of architecture
223pp. Viking. £40.
0 670 90831 8

Clive Aslet's *Quinlan Terry* is beautifully produced, and many people will be heartened to see that Mr Terry's handsome and reasonable country houses are being built today and that the classical/vernacular tradition is so convincingly alive. Others, possibly including a majority of the architectural profession, will object to the suggestion that revived styles can be the basis of a revival of architecture, and indeed Terry's ideas (and those of his late mentor and partner, Raymond Erith, to whom Mr Aslet pays due tribute) run counter to most architectural theory of the past sixty years. Teeth will be ground at the author's suggestion that

Classicism is a style in the same way that we can now see that the Modern Movement was a style; it is no less legitimate to build a temple with a fibre-glass faade in imitation of stone than it was to build the Bauhaus 'out of brick coated with cement, in imitation of concrete.

When one looks at Terry's elegant drawings and finocuts of domestic work, in which the classical style is meticulously applied and there is a strong feeling of fitness for purpose, it is easy to feel that the classical/vernacular is the only proper way to build. It is perhaps less easy when one considers his projects for large office buildings. He is only forty-nine years old and one cannot help wishing that Aslet, and his publishers had waited a year or so until the Richmond Riverside Development 'is completed, so that we might judge the merits of this scheme in its finished state. From the impressive drawings here published, one can, of course, gain an understanding of the grand layout of courts and loggias, palace facades and porticos now being built on the banks of the Thames. But the treatment of this large site as a series of related buildings, in a variety of historical styles, is a pity. It is the first use of Victorian Gothic in this country

has been done before: while attractive in the drawings, it will in the end be judged on how the finished work looks. Aslet fiercely dismisses the use of the word "pastiche" in connection with Terry's architecture, but until classicism is re-established as the natural way of building, this is a criticism that is going to be made, and not only by the "visually illiterate".

The development of small houses at Frog Meadow on the edge of Dedham, begun by Erith and continued by Terry, is a lesson in how new housing can add to the attractiveness of a village, rather than spoil it. But Terry will need disciples if the ill-considered, badly proportioned buildings which have given Neo-Georgian architecture a bad name are to be avoided.

Aslet has an interesting chapter on the advantages of load-bearing brick walls rather than reinforced concrete or steel-framed structures, for buildings up to eight storeys high. Terry's view is that concrete and steel are not materials that have stood the test of time and that traditional methods, within their limits, are in the long run cheaper. The fact that he has the Richmond commission indicates that there are some at least who see his point of view, and recent experience of Modernist buildings which neither work nor last may add to their number.

It is apparent from this book that Terry has a less austere attitude to classicism than Erith, and his garden buildings generally are fanciful and charming. But his designs are rooted in study and proportion and, as he wrote of Bramante in his Roman sketch-book nearly twenty years ago: "one cannot help taking one's hat off to the architect. Such a simple looking design yet achieved with the utmost care and thought, coupled with a masterly knowledge of construction."

In his study, *What is Post-Modernism?* (48pp. Academy Editions. £5.95. 0 85670 880 1) Charles Jencks defends Post-Modernism and distinguishes it from other styles such as Minimalism in art, High-Tech in architecture, or Deconstruction in literary criticism, which are Post-Modernism only in name. Post-Modernism is a style, a language, a way of life, a way of thinking, a way of feeling, a way of being. It is a style, a language, a way of life, a way of thinking, a way of feeling, a way of being. It is a style, a language, a way of life, a way of thinking, a way of feeling, a way of being.

Orthodoxies old and new

J. M. Richards

DAVID WATKIN
A History of Western Architecture
591pp. Century Hutchinson. £19.95.
0 7126 1279 3

For David Watkin Western architecture means the architecture of the Western world in the modern political sense; that is of Europe west of the Iron Curtain, plus the United States of America. To this he adds the architecture of late eighteenth-century St Petersburg, which is logical enough – the city was Peter the Great's "window on the West" from which culturally emanated. Less logical is his omission of Latin America, much of whose culture likewise emanated from Spain and Portugal. The ground he has chosen to cover, though, cannot seriously be quarrelled with; it is indeed that covered by all conventional histories, and he treats it knowledgeably, accompanying it with many and well-chosen photographs.

However, Dr Watkin claims in his preface that his is a new approach: "the first book devoted exclusively to the history of western architecture from the ancient world to the present day which takes account of the change of mood in the architectural scene since the 1970s", and he goes on to state that in the existing histories "the period from 1750 to the present day was interpreted as a gradual but inevitable progress to the endless plateau represented by the Modern Movement". Leaving aside the fact that less than half of his book is concerned with the period after 1750 – it begins, like most other histories, with ancient Greece and Rome – Watkin's obsession with the shortcomings of the Modern Movement, evident in his earlier writings, has surely led him to exaggerate its influence on other historians' approach to their subject. He cites Nikolaus Pevsner and Robert Pomey Jordan, with whose views he has quarrelled before (in Jordan's case justifiably: he was never taken seriously as a historian), but his claim that Pevsner regarded the Modern Movement as an ultimate achievement which somehow brought the development of architecture to a stop is quite false. Nor do the other standard histories, from Banister Fletcher onwards, follow this line.

The strange thing is that, in spite of Watkin's dislike of the Modern Movement, he writes at far greater length about Frank Lloyd Wright than about Alberti or Michelangelo, and more (and surprisingly uncritically) about Le Corbusier than about Palladio. Stranger still is that, having chosen to give so much attention to the twentieth century and to put the Modern Movement in its place, he altogether fails to discuss its influence on contemporary architecture generally. He justifiably lists, and briefly describes, the important new-style buildings of the period between the 1920s and the 1960s, which should certainly be on record. But their significance from the vantage-point of today's historian lies in the encouragement they gave to architects to discard the established practices and traditions, for which their talents and training provided no substitute. The significance of the Modern Movement is not that it gave us the buildings by Le Corbusier and the other original architects that Watkin describes so fully, but rather that it brought to an end the reliance by lesser architects on well-tried vocabularies and impelled them to employ new technologies which their profession as a whole had not mastered.

This is a phenomenon which it is now time for the historian to incorporate in the evolutionary story of our century. Watkin ably recounts how the influence of the pioneers of the Palladian revival in England early in the eighteenth century expanded into a country-wide orthodoxy. We still await the historian who describes the changes that took place in this century in terms, not only of the revolutionary buildings of a few well-known practitioners, or even of such alternative stylizations as those of the postmodernists with whom Dr Watkin concludes his survey. We need a history that describes those changes in terms of the whole architectural picture which their work has helped to delineate, however depressed it may be to those who have to live with it.

Reconciliation postponed

Robert S. Wistrich

CHIMEN ABRAMSKY, MACIEJ JACHIMCZYK
and ANTONY POLONSKY (Editors)
The Jews in Poland
264pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £29.50.
0 631 14857 4
PETER SICHROVSKY
Strangers in their Own Land: Young Jews in Germany and Austria today
Translated by Jean Steinberg
165pp. Tauris. £10.95.
1 85043 033 0

Both Poles and Jews have traditionally seen themselves as members of martyred peoples. For nearly a millennium, fate tied them together on Polish soil, at times in harmonious coexistence but in our own century more frequently in bitter antagonism and hostility. At the end of the seventeenth century, Poland contained three-quarters of world Jewry. A haven from persecution, it became the centre of a flourishing Jewish culture. Between the two World Wars, there were three million Jews in Poland (10 per cent of the total population), who despite a worsening economic situation and endemic antisemitism continued the great traditions of Jewish scholarship and creativity, while preserving a remarkable degree of communal autonomy. The Holocaust and post-war Polish antisemitism brought this millennia history to an abrupt and tragic end. Though the welter of mutual recriminations has not ended there have been signs in recent years of a desire on both sides to establish a new dialogue, one that can come to terms with the past and help to heal the wounds inflicted by history.

The Jews in Poland, based on essays first presented at an International Conference on Polish-Jewish Studies held in Oxford in September 1984, is a welcome attempt to proceed in this direction. Though by no means a comprehensive account of Jewish life in Poland, it does throw valuable light on Polish-Jewish relations over the centuries. There are interesting essays on the legal status of the Jews, their economic role, the impact of the partitions and the rise of an assertive Polish nationalism in the late nineteenth century; though there is little on the Catholic Church and even less on internal Jewish developments (Hasidism and the clash between orthodox Judaism and modernity are barely discussed), the most controversial issues, such as Polish behaviour during the German occupation and the scope of antisemitism in inter-war Poland, are not avoided. If some of the Polish contributors tend to rely on a simplistic schema of economic determinism and to relapse into apologetic explanations of Polish antisemitism (victims are notoriously reluctant to admit that they have victimized others), this is partially balanced by other essays which unsparingly delineate Poland's failings in its treatment of the Jewish minority.

The Polish viewpoint is best expressed by Wladyslaw Bartoszewski, who cites the mutual alienation and lack of openness of Poles and Jews in the inter-war Polish State. Like other Polish scholars he tends to doubt the intensity and impact of antisemitic attitudes on the majority of Poles; he stresses the ruthlessness of the German occupation towards the Polish population (all contacts with Jews carried the threat of the death penalty) and the absorption of Poles during the war in the daily battle for survival. Nevertheless, Bartoszewski argues that in spite of the enormous difficulties, Poles and Jews came closer together during the occupation than at any time in the past; he suggests that the Catholic Church and the Polish intelligentsia adopted a principled position against antisemitism, and that the Nazi extermination policies horrified most Poles. This view is sharply rejected by Israel Gutman of the Hebrew University, who emphasizes the broad sympathy Nazi propaganda against Jews elicited in the Polish population, the hostile attitudes of the Polish underground resistance towards Jews, and the eagerness with which Poles profited from Jewish misfortunes. What did there was, remained far too little and came too late.

This gap between Polish and Jewish perceptions is provocatively analysed by Ezra Mendelsohn in perhaps the best essay in this



Children in the Lodz ghetto. The photograph is reproduced from *The Warsaw Ghetto* in Photographs: 206 views made in 1941, edited by Ulrich Keller (131pp. Constable, £8.95. 0 486 24663 5).

collection: "Inter-war Poland: good for the Jews or bad for the Jews?" Poland in the 1920s and 30s, he argues, was undoubtedly an anti-semitic State in which Jews were excluded from first-class membership. Backwardness, poverty and the demographic explosion cannot retrospectively justify the policies its nationalist rulers adopted. At the same time, it was also a free country in which Jews could by and large write and speak as they pleased, participate in politics and develop an autonomous culture. Moreover, Jewish nationalism and Zionism owed a considerable debt to the Polish model, even though it was invariably accompanied in the twentieth century by antisemitism. Not all of Jewish life was a disaster area, a tale of gloom and humiliation.

In the post-1945 era under Communist rule, Poland was already nationally and religiously a virtually homogeneous State. Yet, as the closing essay by Lukasz Hirsztowicz shows, the "Jewish question" continued to be a persistent theme in the ideology and politics of Poland. Traditional stereotypes linking Jews and Communism (*żydo-komuna*) were reinforced by the role of Jews in the security apparatus of the Party; in 1956, and again in 1967–8, Jews were selected as scapegoats in internal power struggles within the Party. A new brand of "national Communism" not only presented the tiny Jewish minority as a potential "fifth column" but utilized antisemitic rhetoric to brand opposition and dissent as "anti-Polish". As late as five years ago this method was still being employed by Party hardliners to try to discredit the Solidarity movement. Indeed, since 1945 Jews have successively been identified with Stalinism, "revisionism", Jewish nationalism, Zionism, Western imperialism and "anti-socialist" activities against the Polish Communist Party and the State.

Today, the Jewish bogey appears to have been laid in cold storage as the present régime seeks to use the long Polish-Jewish historic connection to improve its tarnished image. Poland, however slowly, seems to be trying to come to terms with that part of its history that involves Jews. On the Jewish side, too, there is an understandable need to find their own past, to recover the traces of the rich and diverse civilization of Polish Jewry obliterated by the Nazis and thereby to deny Hitler a posthumous victory.

What the present generation of Poles (and the handful of Jews still left in Poland) will make of this painful dialogue with the past is difficult to foresee. In the case of Germany and Austria we are offered, however, a poignant glimpse of the difficulties of this dialogue in the interviews conducted by Peter Sichrovsky, a young Viennese journalist, who set out to investigate attitudes among his post-war Jewish contemporaries living in the "land of the murderers". *Strangers in their Own Land* is the kind of instant oral history which focuses very much on the personal and anecdotal, the texture of everyday life, problems of communication between the generations, the nature of social integration for the children of the survivors and the agonizing doubts that torment young Jews in Germany and Austria today. Few have encountered any overt antisemitism; if anything they were treated indifferently at school and at work. Yet they seem locked in the frames of a family past that permeates of no reconciliation, where fantasies of flight and the

as a permanent home, yet they appear unable to leave. It produces contradictory impulses – to hide one's Jewishness and yet defiantly to proclaim it. Their inner lives betray a strange mixture of fear and aggression, a nagging unease about themselves, about their neighbours and their future. Condemned to lead double lives, torn between feelings of hatred, rage, pain, mourning, despair and anxiety, each one seeks in his own way to overcome the vacuum into which he or she was born. The generation of their parents offers no consolation – they seem like the living dead even as they are feted by their host societies as a tribute to the tolerance and pluralism of the post-war democracies in Germany and Austria. Deep down there is a feeling that nothing has really changed, that the Germans and Austrians were irredeemably barbaric, that denazification was only skin deep.

The strategies of survival vary widely, though all seem resigned to living their lives among the children of the executioners. Some, like Aaron from Berlin or Helene from Vienna, have returned to religion; some try to develop positive attitudes to German society in spite of their doubts; others use their rage as a stimulus to creative writing or to defend the underprivileged and outcast elements in society. Whatever their degree of outward assimilation they all remain, however, on their guard. Not even Tuvi, the policeman (who describes West Germany as "one of the world's greatest democracies") believes any more that the identities of German and Jew can successfully blend. No escape from Jewishness is desirable or even possible. They are all Jews first and only secondarily, if at all, Germans or Austrians. As Helene puts it, speaking of her fellow Viennese (shades of Waltheim!): "They are Austrians, non-Jews and children of the Nazis – strangers three times over."

Peter Sichrovsky has put together a disturbing book, one which should remind us all how difficult, painful and fraught with peril the journey into so cruel a past can be.

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Trusting in God and/or . . .

Michael Howard

RICHARD HARRIES
Christianity and War in a Nuclear Age
170pp. Oxford: Mowbray. Paperback, £4.95.
0264 670531
HOWARD DAVIS (Editor)
Ethics and Defence: Power and responsibility in the nuclear age
296pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £22.50 (paperback, £7.95).
0631 151745

There is a geography as well as a sociology of protest. The group responsible for the book *Ethics and Defence* is based in Scotland where, as the editor, Howard Davis, puts it, "a sense of political as well as geographical distance . . . tends to sharpen the voice of protest". The author of *Christianity and War in a Nuclear Age*, Richard Harries, recently appointed the new Bishop of Oxford, is Dean of King's College, London, an academic institution a few hundred yards from Whitehall and one indeed founded by the Establishment to combat the godless radicalism rampant in the northern wastes of Gower Street. That Establishment contributors to *Ethics and Defence* regard at best with suspicion, more often with open hostility. The roots of this antagonism go deep into the ecclesiastical, political and social history of Britain. Two and a half centuries ago it may be said to have fuelled a civil war. Each party brings to the issue of nuclear weapons a weight of tradition which so shapes its attitudes as to make them almost predictable.

The difference comes out in their fundamental approaches to the problem, which might indeed be termed respectively Anglican and Protestant. The Anglican looks at the problem of war in the framework provided by a tradition of moral discourse enriched by generations of divinely inspired insight. The Protestant asks more brusquely, "Is the Gospel true?" As Duncan Forrester poses the question in *Ethics and Defence*, "Do we put our trust in God or in something else? Is the Gospel true, or is truth to be found elsewhere?" This latter approach certainly produces simpler answers. Because of the magnitude of their destructiveness, nuclear weapons are patently evil. Their very possession is sinful; their use would be an abomination. They must be renounced, if necessarily unilaterally. In a world "gripped by madness" (as Davis describes it), we must, writes Forrester, "say NO to the idea of nuclear war".

Anglicans can provide no such clear-cut answers. They consider the problem in the light of two millennia of Christian thinking about the use of force in a sinful world. They examine the nature of the State; the duty and limitations of Christian obedience to that State; the place of war in the maintenance of international order and of such order in the maintenance of peace; and the constraints which Christians should observe if to maintain that order they find themselves compelled to wage war. They tend to start by examining the world situation in which they find themselves rather than the morality of specific ways of dealing with it. And they allocate a very high value to the Thomist virtue of *prudentia* in conducting the affairs of mankind.

The Revd Richard Harries presents a succinct, well-argued and highly readable statement of the Anglican view, resting it largely on the teachings of St Augustine. In a world which God has permitted to be sinful, force may be necessary to protect the good against the evil, however imperfect that good may be. The State, and the authorities who control it, are part of the providence of God for the main-

tenance of that order in the world without which there can be no justice; and it is legitimate for those authorities to use force within the limits of "the just war" as defined by generations of Christian apologists. To abstain from doing so would be to abandon the world to evil, and resistance to evil is a Christian duty. Although our perceptions of good and evil are fallible and culture-bound, none the less we have to make ethical choices. To renounce nuclear weapons would be to leave the world at the mercy of those who had no compunction about using them. Their possession is therefore a necessary element in the preservation of a just order. Should they ever have to be used, it must be with all possible discrimination. It is not permissible to target civilians as such, but the doctrine of "double effect" means that civilian losses may have to be accepted if they are the unavoidable by-product of necessary military action.

The Scottish group starts from the other end. They see their task as Christian teachers as being, not so much to provide guidance in a world inevitably complicated, dangerous and sinful, in which all choices are likely to be between evils, but "to translate the theological-ethical rejection of nuclear weapons into a political strategy which will make them superfluous and bring into being a more just international order". They reject, in their editor's words, "a language and a morality . . . corrupted by the 'realism' which defines what is possible in terms of what is". They do not accept the view of the Archbishop of York, quoted in both books, that the teaching of the Churches should be in "the indicative rather than the imperative mood" - advice likely to lead only to bland generalizations. They see the Christian faith, not as a kind of measuring-rod brought in from outside, but as something that has to be worked out, as William Johnston puts it, by involvement and action.

Like Harries, the Scottish group urges the need for ethical choice, but for them evil lies not in any outside threat to a just order, but within that order itself: in the "power structures" in which we participate and the nuclear policies which our governments pursue. They observe with sadness that there are Christians who defend those structures and approve those policies; but those so misled, suggests Forrester, are, like those who defend apartheid, in a state tantamount to heresy, preaching false gospels. As for those involved in taking decisions, it is certainly the function of the theologian to help them. But this does not mean (Forrester again) "to give encouragement to politicians engaged in absurd and immoral policies, but rather to proclaim that forgiveness is available for sinners". Beyond this, Christian thinkers have the duty of "demythification": to cut through the short-sighted obsessions of "so-called experts" and proclaim with childlike clarity that the Emperor has no clothes.

In such a compilation as *Ethics and Defence* there are inevitable differences of emphasis. Ian Thompson, for example, is less sure than Forrester that Christians (or some of them) are provided with an inner light denied to "experts" which enables them to "demythify" the complexities and technicalities of political and military affairs. He suggests indeed that they should be "willing to learn from secular sources the relevance of history, sociology and economics to an understanding of power relations and the development of an ethics which can do justice to the complexity of political life in the nuclear age". It is necessary to understand the world, in fact, before making proposals for changing it. Other contributors, like Helen Zesly and Elizabeth Tompkins, feel that such understanding is already sufficiently wide-

spread, especially among the professional classes, and that what is needed is for this understanding to be communicated upward to "statesmen, ministers, military planners and others whose pressures and commitments nudge them away from open-ended and open-minded vistas". But all the contributors clearly share the sense of being "enlightened" in a way that the decision-makers are not.

Readers who have followed me thus far will no doubt have made up their minds which of these two approaches they find the most sympathetic. If they have, they would be well advised to buy and read the book which sets out the other. I am myself too much of a horse from the same stable as Harries not to find his arguments persuasive - or, rather, powerful reinforcements for my own beliefs. But it is impossible not to be impressed by the deep seriousness and commitment of the contributions to *Ethics and Defence*; not to find the questions they pose profoundly challenging; and not to be disturbed that men and women of such intelligence and sincerity should be so alienated from a policy which so many other Christians find acceptable. But I must admit that I find it hard to believe that distance from London, though it may add to incomprehension and understandable frustration, really provides insights denied to those who have to live with these problems nearer the centre; or that a refusal to allow one's thinking to be corrupted by "the realism which defines what is possible in terms of what is" is a very compelling qualification for those seeking to advise on complex policy issues. Children can indeed often ask very penetrating questions, but they usually have to grow up and learn complex skills before they can provide equally convincing answers. And I have great difficulty in accepting the underlying assumption (shared apparently by President Reagan) that there is any necessary connection between "the rendering of nuclear weapons superfluous" and the bringing into being of "a more just

international order". It is not difficult to visualize highly unjust international orders coming into being based on conventional weapons, or indeed on no weapons at all. It is not the existence of nuclear weapons that should worry Christians; it is the motives that people might have for using them.

It is, surely, the duty of Christians, without disavowing the "corruption" of "realist" thinking, to retain the vision of peace as it should be, without losing their grip on the problems of "the real world". Their task is to bring into focus their ultimate vision of peace and the immediate necessities of world order, never allowing the one to obscure the other. To "put our ultimate trust in God", as Duncan Forrester suggests, is *not* an alternative to handling our affairs prudently and keeping our powder dry, but a necessary supplement to it. Above all - and here the Scottish group is entirely persuasive - Christians must be constantly striving for reconciliation. Richard Harries of course makes the same point, but sometimes seems in danger of identifying the "evil" to be resisted with the secular adversary against whom prudence bids us build reliable defences. Dr Thompson points the way forward when he calls upon Christian thinkers to "develop a philosophical and theological analysis of ideologies in terms of which we perform both a critical and mediating role in the contemporary world, and in particular the conflict of the super-powers".

Nevertheless the point must be made that, while such an analysis can be developed in Western Europe, the United States and indeed wherever Western influence extends, it cannot - as yet - be done within the orbit of Soviet military and political power. Christians cannot detach themselves from their historical circumstances and adopt "a critical and mediating role" without recognizing the political conditions which make it possible for them to do this; and doing whatever has to be done to preserve them.

Rights of resistance

Barrie Paskins

JENNY TEICHMAN
Pacifism and the Just War
138pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £15.
0631 150560

This is a very short but lively and stimulating book, which might have been better still if the argument had been developed at somewhat greater length. Jenny Teichman, a professional philosopher, is very sympathetic to pacifism. She calls ample historical evidence to witness that real pacifism is anti-war, not anti-violence, and uses this important distinction to destroy the philosopher Jan Narveson's well-known argument that pacifism is logically incoherent. She makes clear the many varieties of pacifist thinking that are worth taking seriously, so that future philosophizing about the subject should be more firmly connected with the real concerns of those who reject war.

Teichman's main topic is the "just war" tradition; where her most interesting contribution is her critique of St Augustine. He sought to reverse the early Church's pacifism by likening war to policing and punishment. Teichman shows how influential this idea continues to be, and how unconvincing an analogy it actually is.

Policing and punishment are deeply ambivalent practices. Sometimes they can be very like war (she repeatedly cites the Haitian Toussaint Macoute), but they do nothing to legitimize it. When, on the other hand, they are practised in a more civilized way, it is right that pacifists should avoid rejecting them along with war, and Augustine is wrong to conflate the two.

It is a pity that Teichman does not make more use of the established literature on the subject of the "just war", such as Michael Walzer's *Just and Unjust Wars*. Her treatment of terrorism and deterrence, for example, is perfunctory. Perhaps a more basic weakness is the absence of any discussion of how the ethics of war should connect with the philosophy of international relations. Walzer is very good and very provocative on this, devoting much space and energy to making explicit his under-

standing of the international context of war. Teichman brings her argument to a close by rejecting both pacifism and the "just war" - pacifism to the extent that it fails to recognize that there are extreme cases where the resort to arms is necessary, the concept of "just war" in so far as it may launch us on the slippery slope to legitimizing any war. She gives an imaginary example - of the natives of Tasmania using a biological weapon, to which they themselves were immune, to combat the Europeans who were out to destroy them. But it is unclear what use Teichman imagines such a case being put to. Is she siding with those in the liberal tradition who would propose to protect the nation by means of unprepared, spontaneous resistance? Her reference to biological weapons that are currently banned, and which in the real world would be the creation of defence scientists (whom elsewhere she excoriates), suggests not. But if the choice she seeks to emphasize is compatible with choosing the best conditions for self-defence, then one would like to know where she stands on Walzer's vindication of Israel's pre-emptive attacks against massing enemy forces, and the more or less universal desire to defend one's territory as far forward as possible.

Walzer's book is a better introduction to the subject, but *Pacifism and the Just War* is a welcome addition to the growing literature on the ethics of war.

The National Security: Its theory and practice, 1945-1960, edited by Norman A. Graebner (316pp. Oxford University Press. £7.00 1983, £9.95 1984), consists of seven essays: "The National Security Policy from Truman to Eisenhower" by Richard D. Challenger; "Economic Foreign Policy and the Quest for Security" by Lloyd C. Gardner; "Scientists, Arms Control, and National Security" by Martin J. Sherwin; "The Origins of Overkill: Nuclear weapons and American strategy" by David Alan Rosenberg; "Civil-Military Relations: The President and the General" by Douglas Kimball; "The Presidency and National Security Organization" by J. M. Desler; and "The Domestic Politics of National Security" by Gary W. Reichard.

The adventure of modernity

Zygmunt Bauman

PETER DEWS (Editor)
Autonomy and Solidarity: Interviews with Jürgen Habermas
219pp. Verso. £18.95 (paperback, £6.95).
086091 1322

For almost twenty years now Jürgen Habermas has been perhaps the most consistently (as distinct from fashionably) influential thinker in the philosophy of the social sciences and in the area of socially oriented philosophies. Compared with the straight line along which Habermas's ideas have accrued, the rest of social thought of the past two decades seems to have followed the trajectory of an erratically shifting pendulum, or looks like a *Kunstkamera* of still-born fads.

What makes Habermas's presence so indelible and immune to fashion, is the heavy weight of his scholarship. In the course of its development, his theory has drawn in and assimilated virtually all viable traditions in philosophy and the social sciences. Apparently unrelated concerns and propositions have been re-processed and given new meaning by the place assigned to them in Habermas's model. Erudite but not eclectic, the resulting synthesis is unique and unmistakably Habermasian: complete with its own premises and assumptions, its research programme, vocabulary and style.

For these reasons, his social theory makes heavy demands on those who over the years have tried to keep up with its development, and for newcomers, to enter it at its present mature stage, is a task of great difficulty, since to penetrate into Habermas's own work, they must first make their way through several shelves of commentary and interpretation, which as a rule clarify little, but only add obscurity to the notorious density of the master's own argument.

So both seasoned readers of Habermas and those who are still plucking up courage to join them will greet Peter Dew's useful and timely volume of interviews with joy; and that for two reasons. First, because these are interviews, or occasions when messages are sent in the presence of their intended recipient so that their clarity may be immediately tested; if the message fails the test, it can be thrown back to the sender with an instruction to try again, until full comprehension has been reached. The sen-

der may be asked not only to explain what he is saying, but why he thinks it is important. And all this in an oral exchange, which at least in principle calls for the use of ordinary language rather than the tortured idiom of esoteric, professional writing. Some interviewers may even, with enormous benefit to their readers, insist on casting themselves in the role of the uninitiated (some interviewers in this collection take this line; others, unfortunately, are more concerned with establishing their parity with the interviewee) - and thus may force the sender to address himself directly to those mundane "life-world" concerns he is supposed to illuminate.

Second, these interviews were conducted over a period of almost a decade, during which time Habermas's theoretical preoccupations shifted somewhat, as did his research agenda; his theory has been partly refined, partly re-worked. This collection not only makes the substance of his ideas more understandable than does any other available source; it also offers an insight into the inner dynamism of his theory and the way he has defended its integrity against successive intellectual fashions.

Habermas started from his perception of the one-sidedness of the Marxist theory of society, which tends to subsume all human interests under that of instrumental reason, thus reducing the sphere of "life-world", or human intersubjectivity, to the status of "productive relations", i.e. those which men and women enter into in a process of production aimed at achieving mastery over nature. After which Marxism implies that the dynamics of the life-world find a sufficient explanation in the development of "productive forces" - or of means and skills guided by instrumental and technical motives. To this reductionism and its implications Habermas objected.

The essence of his revision of Marxist theory is the assertion of the autonomy of the "life-world". Unlike the sphere of production proper (and the experimental sciences of nature geared to its model), the sphere of inter-subjective relations is governed by an interest in communication and mutual understanding; hence its prime mechanism is hermeneutics and interpretation, rather than instrumental action and explanation, and its link with the area of work and instrumental reason is much more complex than Marx's scheme would suggest. It has its own dynamism and history; it is not reducible to anything other than itself and can be understood only in terms of its own

assumptions, attributes and prerequisites. It has also its own hermeneutic standards of rationality, again sharply distinct from the instrumental rationality which informs the area of production. It needs, therefore, its own theory, not being a reflection or epiphenomenon of anything else.

The past decade Habermas has dedicated almost entirely to researching and writing his *magnum opus* on the theory of communicative action. But while the cognitive purposes and theoretical legitimation of his work have remained remarkably consistent, its polemical edge has been turned in a direction almost opposite to that which it had originally. When he began, Habermas had to defend his project against the then dominant philosophy (philosophy of science in particular), which admitted of no "interested" knowledge, and sought for foundations of certainty thoroughly cleansed of all traces of history, culture and human motivation in general. Habermas argued the validity of his own project against formidable adversaries like Husserl and similar fundamentalists for whom a theory of truth could not depend on the "interests" which inform such mundane activities as work or communication. Against them, Habermas advanced the then iconoclastic view that not only knowledge, but the criteria for its validation, can be found only in their "natural habitat"; that is, in the "interested" activity of the human species.

But even as he was pursuing and completing his project, the dominant intellectual mood changed to its opposite, and his theory has now to be defended against quite different adversaries, for whom Habermas's arguments against Husserl and other "absolutists" are trivially true, yet are far from sufficiently radical. Today his opponents are the theorists of "post-modernism", who declare any search for "objective validity" of knowledge to be obsolete and misguided, and want to live in peace with the plurality and relativism which they see as irreversible; the radical interpreters of Wittgenstein and Gadamer who insist that all knowledge may be validated only within its own community and tradition, so that rationality cannot rest on universal foundations; and radical pragmatists of Richard Rorty's kind, proud of the virtues of the "Western intellectual mode of life" but considering all attempts to supply it with an "extra-local" legitimation as a waste of time.

The meaning of Habermas's work has thus

shifted. Its role now is that of a staunch and resolute defence of the essential values and ambitions of modernity; and it is possibly a most effective defence, conducted as it is with up-to-date weapons capable of engaging the "post-modern" troops on their own ground. In this new stage of polemics, the emphasis in Habermas's project has moved to the potential for rational argument, mutual understanding and agreement which has to be present in every act of communication. Given which, the ambition of reaching rational solutions to controversies concerning truth, moral judgment or taste are neither misguided nor unrealistic, and the fashionable obituaries for the "project of modernity" seem premature. Relativism is still a problem, not a solution.

There is more to Habermas's resilience in this argument than the mere attachment of a thinker to his life's work; one senses in him an urgency transcending any self-centred interest in his theory. He believes that in the choice to be made between the defence of modernity and its rejection matters of high moral and political significance are at stake. What may be won or lost in what is ostensibly a purely intellectual game is the conviction that "without surrendering the differentiation that modernity has made possible in the cultural, the social and economic spheres, one can find forms of living together in which autonomy and dependency can truly enter into a non-antagonistic relation". True or false, realistic or not, this was the hope which gave meaning to the daring adventure of modernity; the hope that there could be harmony between community (which without freedom means oppression) and freedom (which without community means loneliness).

Critics of Capitalism: Victorian reactions to "Political Economy", edited by Elisabeth and Richard Jay for Cambridge's English Prose Texts series (268pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50; paperback, £9.95. 0 521 26588 6) attempts to rehabilitate the literature of the nineteenth-century debate over the tenets of classical economics and the future of capitalist society. Philosophers, artists and other laymen joined in a discussion considered too important to be left to specialists; this volume reprints selections, often not the best-known or most readily available, from Ruskin, Carlyle, Mill and Matthew Arnold, as well as George Bernard Shaw's "The Transition to Social Democracy".

With distinction

Alan Ryan

JON ELSTER
An Introduction to Karl Marx
200pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50 (paperback, £5.95).
0 521 32921 1
JON ELSTER (Editor)
Karl Marx: A reader
345pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50 (paperback, £6.95).
0 521 32921 3

Jon Elster's monumental *Making Sense of Marx* (reviewed 1985) irritated some readers because it seemed unfocused - neither settling to the historical task of making sense of Marx, nor to the revisionist exercise of making sense of Marx. It seemed all too often that Elster wanted to show that Marx was wrong on just about everything and yet claim that he was wonderfully illuminating about the predicament of late twentieth-century society. Elster's *Introduction* ought to reconcile those readers to him; it is brisk and articulate, carries the learning of the bigger volume very lightly, and makes a much more uncluttered case for thinking that Marx's views on justice, alienation, class-conflict, technical change and ideology are uniquely interesting, while his holism, his debts to the labour theory of value, and his belief in revolution as a uniquely effective route to utopia were always wrong, and are now disastrous to all who believe in them.

His concluding chapter, entitled "What is Living and what is Dead in the Thought of Karl Marx?" (debts to Croce duly acknowledged), ought by rights to be "Introduction" to the

Introduction, but is just what the reader needs. The acuteness of his criticisms is well illustrated by his attack on Marx's account of how forces and relations of production change over time:

The main objection to the view that property relations rise and fall according to their tendency to promote or hinder the development of the productive forces is that it has no microfoundations. Marx does not explain how the tendency is translated into a social force, sustained by the motivations of individual men. Moreover, the view is inherently less plausible than an alternative account, according to which property relations are determined by their tendency to promote or hinder surplus maximization. Individuals have a motive to maximize surplus; only Humanity, in its striving toward communism, has a motive to maximize the rate of innovation.

In four sentences, we have a distinction Marx ought to have made but did not, a statement of methodological principle which is all but irresistible, and a suggestion about where Marx's own ideas might have more fruitfully gone. One could profitably chew over every sentence - and the authors of some distinguished books might have written even more distinguished ones had they done so.

Whether this *Introduction* is as introductory as Elster believes is debatable; the economy of presentation makes the argument over-explicitly hard to follow, and there are some awkwardnesses in what is said about what replaces an emphasis on exploitation - roughly, Rawls - because it is not clear quite why it matters that "exploitation" is not a "fundamental" moral notion. For anyone who is prepared to work at it, however, it is immensely illuminating, while the companion *Reader* is aptly selected and usefully introduced.

CAMBRIDGE

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171pp. Hard covers £12.50 net

A Life of One's Own
258pp. Paperback £5.95 net

... it was Gerald Brenan who gave use the real context (of the Spanish Civil War) enabling readers to see Spain in wider terms than as an ideological contest culminating in physical battles on an epic scale, a kind of proving ground for Europe... *The Spanish Labyrinth*, Brenan's exploration into history, culture and society, remains the key text for English language readers in understanding the how and the why. *The Literature of the Spanish Peoples* was an important book. While *South from Granada*, Brenan's first essay in autobiography, offered a picture - seen from a position of deep and sympathetic understanding - of older ways and memorable values... (his) dedication, combined with his intelligence and insight, has produced a handful of books which have every right to live on for the foreseeable future.

From Adam Hopkins' tribute to Brenan, in *The Guardian*

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A high-minded monster

Valentine Cunningham

RUTH DUDLEY EDWARDS
Victor Gollancz: A biography
782pp. Gollancz, £20.
0575 031751
RICIARD JOSEPH
Michael Joseph: Master of words
238pp. Ashford, £14.95.
0907069665

All books about books make for difficulties: self-reflexivity is troubling, even in low-order versions of the mode such as books about publishers. There are, too, questions of formal tact and truth-telling – especially when, as in the Victor Gollancz case here, the account is an in-house publication, or when, as in the Michael Joseph instance, the story-teller is a loyal member of the subject's own family. At the same time, though, it is difficult to imagine how any other two publishers' biographers could be so completely different. They're as different, of course, as Gollancz and Joseph and their respective publishing houses were and are.

The bloatedness of Ruth Dudley Edwards's book makes, in itself, a fitting emblem for Victor Gollancz, the once-active volcano of the Left, one of the largest peaks in the *massif central* of mid-century British Liberal-Leftism. The copiousness of information Mrs Edwards provides us with seems utterly apt to Gollancz's political bulk – especially to the immense influence in the 1930s of the cut-price socialist and Stalinist books circulated by the Left Book Club that he founded and financed and presided over with relentless energy and zeal. The book's unremitting plenitude seems apt as well to his excess, the monstrous self-indulgence of his long career.

Gollancz was, without doubt, a promoter of the good that he knew. A natural syncretist in politics as in religion, he made himself a willing fellow-traveller of every more-or-less liberal cause. He was by turns (and often simultaneously) an anti-Fascist, a feminist, against capital punishment, against Hun-haters after and during the First World War, in favour of food parcels for stricken Germany after the Second World War, pro-Common Market, pro-Zionist, pro-Arab, pro-Eichmann, keen on CND. It was only vegetarianism that he found difficult to keep up. *Let My People Go*, the title of his pamphlet about Jewry mortally stricken by Hitlerian policy, was his personal motto; and his people were all the oppressed, British, German, Indian, Chinese, South African, wherever they were.

As with all preachers of love and forgiveness, all self-abasers before the moral superiority of the afflicted, he could be irksome company. Too often he was shouting up kindness to the world while practising viciousness at home and in the office. His likeness to Mrs Pardiggle, wrought up about the state of Borrioboola Gha and unmindful of unhappiness in her own domestic circle, did not escape notice. His enemies – and friends – would charge him with liberal woolfiness. But, very often, his woolfiness led to very effective action and real improvements. His "yellow perils", as Gollancz publications were dubbed, his own spate of best-selling pamphlets, the mass meetings at the organization of which he was extraordinarily adept, and above all the Left Book Club, changed minds, educated consciousnesses, wrought social improvements. There can be little doubt that Gollancz's polemics helped to establish full employment, proper housing, socialized medicine and civilized town planning as axioms of general expectation in the period immediately after the Second World War. The Labour victory of 1945 clearly owed a great deal to his propagandizing efforts. That the goods he stood for are now no longer popularly thought to be self-evident is no fault of his.

All this high-minded endeavour Ruth Dudley Edwards patiently charts, with continually apt quotations from Gollancz publications, letters and office documents. What also emerges, though, is the personal oddity and political absurdity of the man behind the good causes. For this is also the story of a tyrant, a patriarch in the worst sense, a wilful, arrogant, destructive man, who held away by every

means, fair and foul, wheedling, oppressing, perpetually dividing enemies and friends, stringing along authors and contributors, teasing possible successors to the firm of Gollancz in the worst, Lear-like manner.

Gollancz learned all about patriarchy from his lifelong wrestle with his own rabbinical ancestors and their God. He was a bad, humourless father to his five daughters and a guilty, bad cop with fathers. His loss of faith in the fatherhood of Stalin, inspired by the Hitler-Stalin pact, coincided disastrously for him with his readmission to himself of his own Jewishness, born of intense sympathy with Hitler's victims, and he suffered in consequence a terrible nervous breakdown. For all that, he still fared better against dominant males than in the domain of females. In many ways he never grew away from mother's apron-strings. He depended all his life on his wife, who had to drive him about, organize for him, prop him up. She was addressed as "Darlingest mummy".

No wonder his adopted motherlands, the Soviet Union and the State of Israel, remained sources of trouble, or that "motherfucking" in an Updike novel seems to have quite magnetized him. No wonder either that business affairs got messily confused with sexual ones. Relations with women colleagues and authors continually came to grief, as they thrive, on Gollancz's shifting sexual moods. His extraordinary business correspondence has the tone – vituperative, self-justifying, recriminatory, vengeful, pleading – of some outraged lover or hurt husband. The pen he and his publications wielded was always confused with his pride in the might of his penis. During his breakdown he thought that his member was retracting into his body, and he knew precisely what this signified for him:

Just as the *membrum erectum* gives a confident greeting to the life in another, and would be one with it, so if a man is in terror of life . . . his member has the impulse . . . to shrivel and vanish . . .

Gollancz's anguished scapegoat conscience was never far removed from sexual guilt. During one of his extra-marital affairs he became hysterically convinced that he was being morally punished with venereal disease.

A lot of this would be irretrievably comic were it not also so perturbing – even tragic. Gollancz's state of mind was all too frequently a very sad mess. In particular he was short of any real capacity for sustained self-knowledge. He was very ready to offer psychoanalytical opinions to his correspondents, but he never seemed able to turn his pop Freudianism on to his own activities and weird contradictions. He would, for instance, inveigh against censorship, while busily censoring manuscripts and books and covertly suppressing any dissenting opinion (a marked example is the issue of *The Road to Wigan Pier* with a damning preface by Gollancz, followed by its reissue with the offending second, autobiographical, part cut out altogether). Again, Gollancz would be particularly tart against writers promoting Jewish stereotypes, such as loudness, flashiness, meanness or sexual predatoriness, while failing to notice (Mrs Edwards makes the point) that he himself fell into them.

Gollancz's opponents were not blind to such contradictions, or to what looked like paranoia, and immediately convenient, hypocrites. It was all very well, they demurred, for the man who always lunched at the Waldorf or Savoy to advocate general reduction of British rations so that defeated Germans might eat better. How handy, they observed, that a man should achieve fame for liberal and Christian opinions that also made him money from the book-buying public. Gollancz, naturally, saw no inconsistency in appearing in photograph after photograph with emaciated Germans, or in selling his religiosity very hard. "Give God for Christmas", ran one advertisement for his prayerbook *God of a Hundred Names*.

But then Gollancz was armed with an extraordinarily partial vision, and his memory was selective. The reasons he recalled for, say, rejecting *Animal Farm*, as usual not the reasons given at the time, were always ones that let him off the hook. When it came to explaining what he had really intended in some advertisement or blurb promoting, say, a "hit" novel or Einstein's part in a cause, or clarifying what his firm's "impartiality" amounted to, he

could be casuistical in the extreme. He wriggled, fudged, bluffed and indulged, again and again, in half-truths and downright lies, all the while maintaining a high moral tone, indignant and hurt if anyone dared to hint at any duplicity or double standards.

No doubt it was a great help that he saw himself as being always in the right ("I am incapable of error"), that he was possessed of huge Napoleonic self-assurance, had extended messianic delusions, thought he wrote like Joyce, believed that he had brought Labour to power singlehandedly, that he was "the most radical person almost in the world", and had produced "the most attractive book" about being a music-lover "ever written in this country".

In the light of all this it's clear that Mrs Edwards is far too condoning to her man. There seem just too many grounds in the evidence she marshals for doubting her assurances that "he never saw the female as a playing", or that his enjoyment of erotica "was without prurience". It's simply hard to believe that he was never dishonest and "always entirely sincere", or that he was more or less always the good parent. The evidence of this story contradicts such exculpations. It also amply legitimates the worries of Gollancz's long-time adversary, George Orwell. "It's frightful", said Orwell of Gollancz's unstructured questions about just what the GPU might have got up to in Spain – the sort of truths Gollancz would not publish at the time – "it's frightful that people who are so ignorant should have so much influence."

It is not unreasonable to hold Gollancz's inconsistencies against him. Even more, it is reasonable to blame him for having been so

Escape from England

Rosemary Dinnage

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN with MARGARET SCOTT (Editors)
The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield
Volume Two: 1918-1919
380pp. Oxford University Press, £17.50.
019182614 X

This, the second volume of the first full edition of Katherine Mansfield's letters, covers the year and eight months when she was aged twenty-nine to thirty-one. At the beginning of the book she is setting out for the first tubercular winter abroad and at the end of it she has three-and-a-half more years to live. The first volume started with juvenilia and displayed a forceful talent for gush and pose as well as real writing. By the time of this second volume Mansfield is writing as a serious author and mature woman and the style of her letters is formed – fluent, intimate, evocative. She can still be sentimental (her mother is described as being "something between a star and a flower") with a sentiment that was only really burned out of her writing in her last painful years.

The first half of the book consists of the letters she wrote from the South of France in the winter of 1918-19 to John Middleton Murry. She had known for two years that she had tuberculosis, and accepted that she must spend the winter out of England. But of course the war was still going on, she had appalling journeys to and from France, and in between them a private hell of loneliness, illness and fear of death. In February she coughed blood for the first time. All in all, she got back to England in the spring considerably iller than she had left it. The photograph on the cover of the first volume is of a pretty woman, but in the past-photograph reproduced on this volume she looks sick and grim.

"Now of course I see future generations finding you in all my books," she wrote to Murry, in half-joking. Murry is indeed now chiefly remembered as the rather malodorous husband of several important women. There is no doubt that Mansfield's letters that she loved him, but there is a streak of childish gushiness in their epistolary love-making. "When we lie in bed at

long the willing dupe of Stalinism and the useful tool for the Communist functionaries busy peddling untruths and convenient half-truths just around the corner from Gollancz's office at their King Street headquarters. He was so canny in so many ways, but the best one can say of many of Gollancz's manoeuvres in the Left Book Club period is that they were extremely foolish. He was equally naive right to the end of his life.

After which, the life of Michael Joseph makes a breezy footnote to the Gollancz story, even if it is terribly ill-written and produced seemingly without benefit of copy-editing. One of the many *expulsi* from the Gollancz régime, Joseph was an open main-chancer who believed that writing was something inevitably done for money. He wrote many books to help others do just that. Obviously likeable in an ordinary sort of way, he had a huge soft spot for cats. Otherwise he was brusquely and old-fashionedly male in his enthusiasms, preferring rod and keep-net, gun and saddle, to literature. John Masters, Dick Francis and C. S. Forester were the kind of authors he brought on. His favourite outing was a day at the races when his own horse (justified as a tax dodge) named Lord Hornblower was running with Dick Francis up. Joseph wasn't particularly lucky with the horses, but he did have a *name* for fiction winners. He met Richard Llewellyn and got to publish the phenomenally successful *How Green Was My Valley* through a visit to a photographer. His son may well be right that Michael Joseph "should never have been a publisher at all", but to his great credit he promulgated no cant, was never one for moral fudge, and never tried to put a pseudo-religious one across on you.

That night he and Beatrice pretended to be two little children and had their bath together. Two little children sitting at opposite ends of the big old-fashioned bath. And what a romp they had! The bathroom was drenched with their splashing. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

When Katherine Mansfield got back from France she and Murry were able to marry at last; but they parted again almost at once, for she went – for her health – to Cornwall. It is difficult to know whether they really liked being together or not. She at any rate reproached him obliquely: "Do you remember when you put your handkerchief to your lips and turned away from me? . . . You are always pale, exhausted, in a kind of anguish of set fatigue when I am by."

From the summer of 1918 they had a year of normal life together as a couple; Katherine was writing, Murry edited the *Athenaeum*, they entertained – a party with Clive Bell, Bertrand Russell, Frank Swinnerton, Roger Fry is mentioned. Her letters during this time are mostly to Ottoline Morrell and Virginia Woolf. One must accept that in spite of the way she wrote elsewhere about them ("the Woolves . . . are smelly", Ottoline is "poisoned") she did care about these women.

She put her bad tempers down to her illness. She had stayed one winter in England and it had done her no good; a journal entry of May 1919 mentions fever, cough, haemorrhage, nausea and pain. Also at this time she learned that she had a venereal infection from her earlier life, and was unlikely to have children even if she were not tubercular. The volume ends with preparation for another winter abroad – "I shall be more thankful than I can say to be out of it all here – I hate the place and the people always more and more – and I am sure the whole of England is fine – fine." She left her will at the bank, disposing of her possessions (flowered shawl, woolly lamb and pearl ring.

Heroine and hierarchy

Loraine Fletcher

JANE SPENCER
The Rise of the Woman Novelist: From Aphra Behn to Jane Austen
225pp. Oxford: Blackwell, £25 (paperback, £7.95).
0631 1951 X

Jane Spencer's book challenges the standard histories of the novel which attribute the development of the form to five well-known eighteenth-century male writers. She assembles an impressive number of interesting women novelists, some extremely successful in their own lifetimes, though largely disregarded now.

At the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries Aphra Behn, Delariviere Manley and Eliza Haywood were already writing sexually frank, intellectually adventurous fiction, often with a political dimension. They attracted some vicious abuse, and Pope made Haywood the prize for the urinating contest in *The Dunciad*; but they also attracted considerable admiration as "the fair name for fiction winners". As society became at least superficially more genteel, women novelists could be esteemed, Spencer argues, only at the price of conforming to increasingly strict male standards of feminine delicacy and docility.

In treating the heroine's relationships with men and her right to make her own judgments, the novelists fall into three main groups. The conservatives, like Mary Davys and Fanny Burney, created impulsive or wilful heroines who reform and learn to accept an authoritative lover-mentor's guidance. The protesters, like Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Hays, were denigrated for attacking the double standard or for asserting female independence. Such writers were usually radical in their attitudes to class also. The escapists, like Sophia Lee and Ann Radcliffe, retreated into the historical or Gothic romance. These categories were not, of course, clear-cut. Conformist upholders of the male hierarchy often betrayed a subversive sympathy for their unconstrained heroine's point of view. Protesters seldom dithered in this way, but occasionally they worked on a conservative assumption of woman's natural weakness. And Gothic writers took contemporary problems into the past in disguised form.

In critical perceptiveness and range of sympathy for the authors discussed, *The Rise of the Woman Novelist* rivals Ian Watt's classic work *The Rise of the Novel*. It is invaluable for an understanding of all that Watt leaves unsaid. Spencer is especially acute on Jane Barker, Charlotte Smith and Burney; her accounts of *Evelina* and *Camilla* are much the best I have read, emphasizing Burney's awareness of

"female difficulties" (as the subtitle to *The Wanderer* puts it) – of the pressures which keep her heroines childlike or drive them insane. Spencer is also brilliant on the romance novels, particularly Lee's *The Recess*, with their forests and castles as metaphors for freedom and constraint.

But although she stresses Jane Austen's familiarity with the tradition she was working in, she underestimates the Byzantine sophistication of *Emma*, and the extent to which Austen has anticipated the thesis of *The Rise of the Woman Novelist*. Spencer discusses *Emma* in her relationship with her lover-mentor, but ignores her as, in Austen's coinage, the Imaginist, the compulsive maker of amusing and dangerous stories. *Emma*'s powers of imagination are subversive, and opposed to an ordered patriarchal society. Some of the ideas recently formulated by Spencer, Dale Spender and others on the vulnerability of women's fictions to male control are already implicit in *Emma*. There the heroine's inventions are presented as needing control – though they may be one reason why Austen liked *Emma* better than she thought anyone else would. But of course *Emma* is not, like T. E. Barrett's *The Heroine*, a witty polemic against novels. *Emma* herself is finally glad to give up her isolation and her stories; but then, compared to the narrator, she is a bit of an amateur. The narrator, by contrast, can organize innumerable novelistic clichés into a plot which is always triumphantly aware of itself as a fiction in the conservative tradition: the novel which is going to last will see it Mr Knightley's way. *Emma* is much more self-conscious in relation to its predecessors than Jane Spencer shows – although in fact her excellent book will help to make this clearer.



A detail from Jan Cassiers's "The Five Senses: An elegant company at table", to be offered in the sale of Old Master Pictures at Christie's London salerooms on Friday, March 13.

The great débat

I. D. McFarlane

KARINE BERRIOT
Louise Labé: La belle rebelle et la française
nouveau – Essai, suivi des Oeuvres complètes
397pp. Paris: Seuil, 125fr.
202 0089734

The sixteenth-century Lyonnaise poet Louise Labé's reputation has oscillated through the centuries; the Romantic period did something to make her work better known, but she also suffered from ill-advised attempts to embellish her life in biographies which took advantage of the fact that information about her life was – and still remains – meagre. Though some local *aficionados* sought to offer a portrait based on more reliable research, it is only in the last century that new, more equitable views have prevailed, even if they have not always succeeded in freeing Labé from the claws of the sentimental or sensational.

New attitudes have emerged in part from a greater understanding of what Lyon's cultural life had to offer the French Renaissance; the city stood at the crossroads between France and Italy, Germany and Spain; its population was in significant measure Italianate; it seized the opportunity when hostility in the capital to

fresh humanist and religious currents led to an outflow of scholars, teachers and men of letters. Persecution was certainly lighter than in Paris, and Lyon benefited from having neither a Parlement nor a university. It lost little time in becoming a printing centre of great vitality, and not only in publishing literary and scholarly texts: it counted among its printers men interested in music, and in the illustrated book, which is one reason why the emblem-book flourished there.

Labé's re-emergence is not only due to more reliable scholarship: readers today have profited from attitudes developed in the Symbolist and post-Symbolist periods, and modern theories of reading and writing have enriched her. Even our feeling for Renaissance literature. Even so, she has had to bide her time: on the one hand her twenty-four sonnets, still interpreted along too familiar lines, enjoyed a reputation which eclipsed her elegies and *Rebat de Folle et d'Amour*, and this in spite of the fact that her *oeuvre* is small. On the other hand, that her *oeuvre* was to be found serious critics and scholars were to be found abroad rather than in France, where the assessments of the belletrists held sway for too long. Poland, Germany, the United States, England and especially Italy did much to renew the study of the sonnets; now seen less as an expression of "romantic" feelings than as a variety

of illustration of the emerging sonnet-form, an example of rhetorical artifice and also of feminine poetry. It is partly through these foreign efforts that the *Débat* is now seen as a work of many-sided interest and striking literary qualities. At a time when the dialogue came to the fore as a major genre, the *débat*, with its classical roots (Lucian) and medieval forebears, attracted the humanist mind: at one end of the scale, it appealed to the pedagogue, at the other (and more profitably), it allowed for a variety of tones and styles, ranging from the mock-epic to a sort of mini-treatise, from the tale to comedy. The *Débat* is a work of many meanings and, above all, one of changing levels.

Karine Berriot, whose edition of Labé is accompanied by a substantial introduction, has already established herself as a journalist, critic and novelist – notably with a novel based on Labé's life. She is a victim of one of those all too frequent coincidences, in that another useful edition of Labé's works has recently appeared (edited by François Rigolot, a distinguished French critic who teaches at Princeton), but the works will none the less be welcome in this form. Berriot rightly relies on the edition prepared by the late Enzo Cluitier, to whom she acknowledges her debt. Her intro-

Female myths and mysteries

Sarah Wintle

STEVIE DAVIES
The Idea of Woman in Renaissance Literature:
The feminine reclaimed
273pp. Brighton: Harvester, £28.50.
07108 0682 5

In this densely written and alternately stimulating and maddening book, Stevie Davies argues that Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton are engaged in reasserting the value of the feminine through involvement with, and artful use of, learned material from myth and mystery. Long index entries under such headings as *co-incidental oppositorum*, Eleusinian Mysteries, Isis, hermaphrodite, and Orpheus indicate the kind of myth and mystery we are dealing with. All three writers, the author suggests, subvert traditional patriarchal structures, both literary and social, by their celebration of the power of the feminine as it embodies ideas of integration, unity, continuity, generation and reconciliation. Such power is exercised not only by obviously competent and active female characters – Spenser's Britomart, or the heroines of Shakespeare's middle comedies – but by those who are more easily seen as victims of male domination, tyranny and lust, such as Florimell in *The Faerie Queene*, Hermione in *The Winter's Tale* and Eve in *Paradise Lost*.

The argument does not stride imposingly from page to page, but surfaces in occasional generalization, insinuates itself through the accumulation of detailed comment grouped round key values and an eclectic range of classical reference, and is accompanied by the regular assertion of the aesthetic value of both

method and subject. Such an approach is familiar, in particular from a tradition of writing about Spenser, and Spenser is indeed Dr Davies's starting-point. However, although she makes some interesting local comments on the central books of *The Faerie Queene*, the most surprising and persuasive applications of her ideas come in the substantial chapters on Shakespeare and Milton.

Shakespeare does not lend himself immediately to talk of Eleusinian mysteries or hermeticism, so in addressing herself to his plays Davies has burrowed below the surface to almost vestigial shapes of action and structure. Thus Viola in *Twelfth Night* is compared to the figure of Hermes as presented in a Homeric Hymn: a messenger, an improviser of music and song, a bringer of dreams, a watcher by night and an impersonator. Through such analogies, precisions of plotting and atmospheric magic are brought into illuminating alignment. The central interest, though, is in the late romances: the long section on *The Winter's Tale* is the best thing in the book.

The final section pokes fun at Miltonic misogyny; there are some wonderful quotations from the *History of Britain* and its portrait of Boadicea as a "complete maniac". More seriously, Davies goes on to argue for a reading of *Paradise Lost* in which Milton's mysterious honouring of Eve, "our general mother", offers a lifeline to the natural and the erotic. This is heretical and "flamboyantly at odds with Milton's professed aim" of justifying a patriarchal God in what might be expected to be "a retributive and punitive poem". The idea is sympathetic but is on occasion pushed too far at the expense of accurate reading. It is not true to say of Adam's discourse on human love to Raphael that

We recognize what Adam is trying to tell Raphael because *eros* survives the Fall, to be enjoyed and, perhaps, outside Eden's habitual joy, to be more fully appreciated, as a form of knowledge in its pristine condition, formulated at the end of the poem as "A Paradise within thee, happier far".

Milton's habitual striving after distinctions, a habit at odds with any simple use of a rhetoric of myth, makes his poem more complicated and ambivalent than readings like this suggest. Stevie Davies is herself using her arguments to reclaim the feminine. Her book offers a revisionary reading of Renaissance feminism through a deeply felt and enthusiastic commitment to a particular version of the Renaissance philosophic world.

In *His and Hers: Essays in Restoration and eighteenth-century literature* (271pp. University of Kentucky Press; distributed in the UK by Harper and Row, £23.50, 0 8131 1575 2) Ann Messenger examines eight literary relationships between men and women writers, among them Dryden and Ann Killigrew.

duction spends some time demolishing the inventions of earlier biographers, against whom she feels it still necessary to warn the French reader. Her Aunt Sallies are set up and felled with gusto; she allows herself too some speculations of her own, but one may wonder whether the biographical side does not take up more space than is necessary. Berriot is concerned also to show us a Labé whose life fits in with her own view of a Renaissance feminist. Labé emerges here as a pioneer figure in women's writing, and some of her themes give her relevance today. This is particularly true of the character of Folly, a key figure in the *Débat*, which, among other things, expounds the apparently opposed views of Apollo (on Love) and Mercury (on Folly). Folly sings the praises of life with all its ups and downs, its errors and achievements. Whatever one may say of Love, it is Folly who guides him, her vitality that makes existence possible. All this is expressed in the *Débat* in tones that include the comic, the ambiguous and the ironic.

Berriot has sought to make readers aware of Labé as an author far from alien to the concerns of the modern world and capable of expressing herself with a striking dynamism. Louise Labé appears here as a real presence: that is the strength of Karine Berriot's convinced picture of her.

John Co. 136

Among despots and hot-spots

John Rogister

COLINDUCKWORTH

The D'Antraigues Phenomenon: The making and breaking of a revolutionary royalist espionage agent
416pp. Avero Publications, 20 Great North Road, Newcastle upon Tyne. £30.
0907977 146

Colin Duckworth has written a fascinating account of the life of a very unconventional eighteenth-century nobleman. D'Antraigues spent his early years in the Vivarais, a poor and mountainous region where the population had long suffered under the brutal feudal sway of his ancestors. At fifteen he was taken to Paris, where he learned the facts of life from the accommodating mistress of a servant who was quite willing to share his girl with his young master. He never looked back, especially as he was possessed of a charm that captivated many females in the course of a well-travelled existence.

Of the possibilities normally open to a man of his background, a career in the army was the obvious choice, but he loathed the military college with its monotony. Instead, he preferred to read Rousseau and came to see the army as an instrument of despotism: "intoxicated with republican ideas, I found it was as sweet to die for one's country as it was vile and odious to sacrifice oneself for its tyrants . . . I shuddered to think of the chains that are twined around us."

Things fall apart

William Scott

DAVID P. JORDAN

The Revolutionary Career of Maximilien Robespierre
308pp. Free Press. £17.95.
002916330 X

HUBERT C. JOHNSON

The Midi in Revolution: A study of regional political diversity, 1789-1793
309pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £35.

0691054584

TIMOTHY TACKETT

Religion, Revolution and Regional Culture in Eighteenth-Century France: The ecclesiastical oath of 1791

425pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £32.50.

0691054703

T. C. W. BLANNING

The Origins of the French Revolutionary Wars
266pp. Longman. Paperback, £5.95.
0582490510

WILLIAM J. MURRAY

The Right Wing Press in the French Revolution: 1780-1792
349pp. Woodbridge: Boydell and Brewer. £29.50.
0861932013

These five books on aspects of the French Revolution all deal in differing degrees with themes of disintegration or destruction. Some of them seem not only to chronicle the disintegrative aspects of the Revolution, but even to parallel these in their own approach. In one instance beyond the limits of coherence.

David P. Jordan, in his very readable biography, sees Robespierre as a man consumed by the Revolution, with no real private personality, ruthlessly objectifying himself, not as a revolutionary hero but as a revolutionary martyr. Though giving us glimpses of the man - and remarkably sympathetic these seem - Jordan emphasizes Robespierre's "total politicization". He does not portray him as merely a puppet of ideology, but gives a perceptive and reasonably rounded account of his career. He stresses the break in Robespierre's life in 1788, with the birth of the political man at the advent of a revolution which he was to personify. In fact, however, Robespierre's prize essay for the Academy of Metz (1784), at least in its manuscript form, already stands out from its rivals in the intensity of its liberal-republican, its championing of a beleaguered virtue.

At this stage he met and fell in love with an English rose, whom he refers to as "Milaïdi Howard" in his unpublished autobiographical "Més Soliloques". Duckworth tackles the problem of the accuracy of these memoirs and manages to corroborate them by other evidence. Milaïdi Howard was probably Mrs Philip Howard of Corby Castle in Cumberland, then on the Grand Tour in France with her husband, a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk. Through the Howards D'Antraigues met the young and lovely Georgiana Spencer, later to become the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire. He read her Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, as one might have expected. The effect was devastating. When he reached Julie's final farewell to her lover, Georgiana, weeping copiously, "leapt upon the book he was reading, tore out the page, stuffed it in her bosom, threw herself into D'Antraigues's arms and covered his face with kisses and tears". Fortunately for both of them she then passed out. In any case, D'Antraigues's deeper feelings were reserved for the cool Milaïdi. However, when Jean-Jacques himself urged them not to have a love child, that beautiful relationship came to an end.

Leading the life of Rousseauistic Man was not calculated to further the young officer's career, especially as he had developed a propensity for minkng powerful enemies in his family and outside. He was not alone in relieving the boredom of garrison duty in various stifling southern French towns by seducing the wives of local worthies and fighting duels with their established gallants, but few created

more scandals than he did. It was back to Paris again, where this time he met a bisexual countess who introduced him to the pleasures of *l'amour à trois*. There followed the statutory visit to Voltaire at Ferney (leading to a predictable row with the great man) and then resignation from the army.

D'Antraigues availed himself of a chance to sail to Constantinople with his uncle, the new French ambassador to the Sultan. It gave him first-hand experience of despotism at work and at play. He saw the whirling dervishes, "not dangerous", he points out, "but frightfully immoral, having a particular liking for debauching young boys". He took a masculine delight in describing life in the harem, where the girls were trained from childhood to give pleasure to men. D'Antraigues then found himself in Egypt, where he switched his attention to scholarship, triumphantly discovering manuscripts of Clement of Alexandria. It was time to return home. Despite his prurient interest in Oriental sex, he had been appalled by life in various parts of the Ottoman Empire. Cruelly seeped downwards in society. To him the difference between Turkish despotism and the French monarchy was simply one of degree.

The rest of D'Antraigues's career, though not an anti-climax, is relatively well known. He became the lover, and ultimately the husband, of the great diva Madame Saint-Huberty. On the eve of the Revolution he turned to politics. His pamphlet of 1788 on the role of the Estates-General made him famous overnight and went into fourteen editions,

placing him in the camp of the radical aristocrats who were hostile to despotism "from above and from below". But his staunch defence of the noble order which had elected him to the Estates-General soon destroyed his reputation as a radical. He was unjustly implicated in the Favras conspiracy and left France in 1790, never to return. He became a conservative, but remained by temperament a rebel.

While serving the Comte de Provence he embarked on an amazing career as an intelligence agent. A man as "pushy, arrogant and ruthless" as D'Antraigues soon fell out with the courtly *émigrés*, though his probable possession of papers of Louis XVI compromising the future Louis XVIII meant that he remained potentially dangerous. Captured by Bonaparte, who tried to use him to implicate Fickgru in a conspiracy, he managed to escape, entering the service of Tsar Paul. Over the years this skilful agent worked for Spain, Russia and ultimately England, where he settled in 1806. Canning, while not liking him, set great store by his talents. On July 22, 1812, as D'Antraigues and his wife were leaving their house in Bernes, they were murdered by their Italian servant, who then killed himself.

That D'Antraigues's career was one of failure and humiliation, there can be no doubt. It was not just that, as Colin Duckworth says, "he could never envisage the possibility of service without privilege and leadership without rank"; he was also an arrogant and incorrigible idealist. When he was murdered everyone must have heaved a sigh of relief.

[sic] abolished", ignoring the fact that these taxes had been abolished in 1789 and had indeed provoked the great popular upheaval of that year.

Later chapters seem less disaster-prone. Johnson reaches several very interesting conclusions but the destruction of the Midi has been foreshadowed by that of his own work and it can hardly be claimed that these conclusions have been logically arrived at.

Referring to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, Johnson observes that "the recalcitrant attitude of the pope was well known in the Midi by 1792", hardly surprising when the papal condemnation, keenly anticipated, dated from April 1791. Timothy Tackett studies the impact of the oath of loyalty imposed on the clergy late in 1790, a terribly divisive aspect of revolutionary policy. Tackett's meticulous research, presented with exemplary clarity, breaks down the clergy's reaction according to recruitment patterns, age, position in career and hierarchy, geographical location (urban or rural); nearness to areas of Protestantism; exposure to Jansenism or Richerism; as well as by reference to prior training and political commitments. Tackett distinguishes broadly between clerics loyal to Tridentine views on hierarchy and on the clergy's separation from the laity and those who, more influenced by Enlightenment attitudes and susceptible to the idea that the Revolution was purifying not destroying the Church, saw themselves as "citizen-priests", useful to the local community. His determination not to neglect the considerable influence of the laity, for and especially against the Civil Constitution, is productive. Though his conclusions are too nuanced to be easily summarized and are not all equally convincing, his grounds are perfectly clear, and his arguments illuminate some important aspects of regional cultures.

Tackett is concerned with "mental structures", often formed long before 1789 and influencing the reception of the Revolution's ecclesiastical policy, and has no time to demonstrate the creative, determining effects of the event itself, leaving one doubtful about whether, or how, the oath served to unify, to 'nationalise' the diverse forces of religious confrontation, and so contribute to the political realignment of French society. This, and some of his other formulations, may suggest a simple polarization which has proved baffling enough to historians of nineteenth-century France.

After this divisive religious policy, the French decision to go to war was perhaps an even greater miscalculation (certainly hitting the Midi hard). The Civil Constitution might be

the fruit of a "patriotisme religieux" not shared by all Frenchmen: the campaign for war, carefully analysed by T. C. W. Blanning is an assertion of national, or State, sovereignty against both internal and external enemies (or those "paranoiacally" so regarded), was bound to intensify divisions between Frenchmen, as the power-seeking clique of Brissotins probably intended. Giving an excellent and wide-ranging account of the international context of the revolutionary wars, Blanning demotes ideology, here not very clearly defined but seemingly related to a scilicet universalism alien to *raison d'état*. He boldly sees the Revolution as marking in international affairs "a return to normality" after three decades of French impotence, and stresses France's fidelity to traditional strategic aims and attitudes. Ideology created not hostility but misunderstanding - a distinction signifying that powers went to war mainly because they miscalculated the true balance of forces. Blanning's argument here is persuasive rather than conclusive, for in this period of "ideological turmoil", misunderstanding, miscalculation and hatred reinforced each other.

William Murray's most welcome study of the French right-wing press likewise deals with ideology in general and debates on war and counter-revolution in particular. For some on the right, the intervention of foreign powers would force the revolutionaries to overcome their divisions: *raison d'état* dictated that the French be left in peace to tear themselves apart. But other journalists, benefiting from what Murray sees as a remarkably liberal (possibly suicidal) régime until August 1792, called vociferously for foreign armies to crush their fellow-citizens. Divided in its ideological options, pursuing different goals, the right was motivated mainly by fears of the overthrow of property, a danger brought nearer by its own activities, as perhaps some of "the lunatic fringe", following that good right-wing *politique du pire*, intended.

Perhaps rational calculation was rare in the French Revolution, or rarely brought advantage. To Blanning, Robespierre, arguing against the war "in a series of wonderful speeches, as eloquent as they were prophetic", countered one Brissotin misrepresentation after another: yet Brissot's oratory prevailed. Robespierre, brought to power by a war he failed to stop, and which destroyed Brissot, fell only when, as Brissot predicted, French armies triumphed. In such circumstances, Blanning's verdict that the wars accomplished "the destruction of the Revolution" seems understandable but far too simplistic.

From romance to ritual

David Matthews

JANN PASLER (Editor)

Confronting Stravinsky: Man, musician and modernist
380pp. University of California Press. £40.75.
0520054032

The documentation of Stravinsky's public and private life is already vast and fascinating, but despite all the photographs and letters and memoirs, and reproductions of the immaculate, multi-coloured manuscripts, the composer and his music remain enigmatic. A Romantic artist is so much more readily understandable, because of the overt connections between his life and his work. With Stravinsky the relationship is more intimate and more elusive. Stravinsky was deliberately anti-Romantic and anti-expressive, yet many moments in his music - for example, the first brass chord in *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* - seem pregnant with numinous meaning. One is reminded that *Symphonies*, written in memory of Debussy, is the second of Stravinsky's Requiem (the lost *Chant funèbre*, in memory

of Rimsky-Korsakov, and also for wind instruments, was the first), a series that culminated in *Requiem Canticles*, a piece signed with a sequence of mysterious chords. Stravinsky's chords, with their perfectly imagined sonorities and their precisely controlled durations, contain his deepest musical thoughts and, by extension, thoughts on death, time and timelessness.

Careful analysis ought to tell us more. Nearly half the essays in *Confronting Stravinsky* - edited by Jann Pasher and based on papers given at an International Stravinsky Symposium at the University of California, San Diego, in 1982 - are analytical, but unfortunately most of the analysis is of the characteristically American sort where notes are classified and large numbers of charts produced, but no more profound conclusions seem to be reached than that Stravinsky's music, like that of all great composers, was highly and economically organized. Allen Forte's long article, "Harmonic Syntax and Voice Leading", is particularly unilluminating and appears trapped within the circle of its own jargon. Louis Cyr's essay on the variants in the different editions of *The Rite of Spring*, on the other hand, shows that not all examination of minutiae need be tedious. Be-

The audience grows

Warwick Edwards

DENIS ARNOLD and NIGEL FORTUNE (Editors)

The New Monteverdi Companion
361pp. Faber. £17.50 (paperback, £10).
0571131484

JOHN WENHAM (Editor)

Claudio Monteverdi: "Orfeo"
216pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50 (paperback, £7.95).
0521241480

When the *Monteverdi Companion* was first published in 1968 its editors remarked on the rarity of generally accessible studies of particular aspects of the Mantuan master's work. Although the position has now much changed, Faber's decision to reissue the *Companion* in revised and reset form is welcome. The new volume retains many of the original essays with only minimal modifications, including those on Monteverdi's musical environment and most of those on Monteverdi the "thinker and moralist". But there are some major substitutions, deletions and additions; beginning with a new selection from the letters, drawn from Denis Stevens's recent complete English edition. More importantly, the scope of the original chapter on the *Madrigali Guerrieri et Amatori* is broadened by an entirely new contribution from John Wenham, which continues the book's original practice of mixing biographical and social matters with trenchant musical criticism in a manner amply documented and fully abreast of recent research. Iain Fenlon's superb chapter on the Mantuan stage works continues in this spirit. Jane Glover's intuitive approach to the late operas *Ulisse* and *Poppaea*, however, fails to match the foregoing in critical depth. And the late Denis Arnold's account of contemporary performance practice is little more than a gesture towards the present surge of interest in the topic.

The Cambridge Opera Handbook on *Orfeo* is welcome as a readily available Monteverdi special study; it is also an elegant testimony to the acceptance of a seemingly epoch-making work into the repertoire of modern opera. How curious that accolade might have seemed to Monteverdi is nowhere more apparent than in Iain Fenlon's opening chapter on the circumstances surrounding the original Mantuan performances of 1607. Newly discovered letters (discussed briefly in the *New Companion*, but here published in full) reveal problems concerning the procurement and coaching of one of the principal singers, a kind of drama that has not disappeared with the passage of time. More significantly, the correspondence confirms much of what was formerly suspected about the scale and surroundings of those early performances. The work was produced in a modest-sized room, before a private audience. Moreover, apart from a second singing a few days later before the ladies of Mantua, it probably reached no one else in Monteverdi's life-

cause Stravinsky's music is so concerned with precision of utterance, even the tiniest difference in scoring or rhythmic articulation are important. Cyr shows that in several passages confusion is due to the composer's own uncertainty about a definitive text. A new, critical edition of *The Rite* is needed to elucidate the outstanding problems for conductors, who are mostly unaware of them.

Roger Shattuck's brilliant contribution, in mock-epistolary form, has been primarily curtailed by the editor on the grounds that it "seemed a little lighthearted for publication". Shattuck emphasizes the corporeal quality of Stravinsky's music, which is related to his enormous physical energy. There is a link here with Beethoven, and it was Beethoven who most interested Stravinsky at the end of his life, when his physical powers had waned and he could no longer compose. Stravinsky did not have Beethoven's command of classical tonality, and the structure of Stravinsky's own symphonies depends far more on pure rhythm, his climaxes on rhythmic outbursts. Such climaxes are delivered like knockout punches, and the image of Stravinsky as a boxer is an appropriate one.

Stravinsky avoided a world championship bout with his Los Angeles neighbour: both challengers brooded in their corners until Schoenberg died and Stravinsky claimed the vacant title. His subsequent appropriation of Schoenberg's twelve-note method can of course be interpreted as a need to prove himself better than his arch-opponent, though Stravinsky had used quasi-serial techniques as far back as *Zvezdoliki* (1912), and his hurt pride at being caricatured by Schoenberg as

Initial reactions

Leanne Langley

ROBIN WALLACE

Beethoven's Critics: Aesthetic dilemmas and resolutions during the composer's lifetime
184pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50.
0521306620

The scope of Robin Wallace's *Beethoven's Critics* is at once broader and considerably more restricted than its title implies. It includes a wealth of background material on aesthetics and music from Kant to Alfred Einstein, and Beethoven criticism written well after the composer's lifetime. But it also draws its conclusions from a hand-picked list of two books and six more than fifty articles in two books and six journals (not all of them musical), representing a dozen notable articulate writers, three-quarters of whom are German, the rest French. The end product can hardly claim to be "the history of Beethoven's reception in the musical press of his time". Quite apart from the author's dismissal of the bulk of German and French periodical writing on Beethoven as superficial and lacking in "insightfulness", one wonders whether he or his publishers have ever heard of England, a country whose very considerable interest in the composer merits not even a mention. Perhaps at the time of Dr Wallace's research the lack of a solid secondary source on early nineteenth-century English musical criticism deterred him; elsewhere his reliance on secondary literature is striking enough to suggest this explanation. Yet the impression left by such a deliberate oversight demands correction.

As a Beethoven critic William Ayrton (1777-1858) is perhaps only on a par with Friedrich Rochlitz or François-Joseph Fétis (both of whom are treated here), but Edward Holmes (1799-1859) surely invites comparison with Beethoven in France, though occurring later, was remarkably similar to that in Germany. Especially interesting are the fresh historical details. Fröhlich, writing about the Ninth Symphony in *Caecilia* in 1828, was the first to attribute an emotional purpose to a Beethovenian long-range progression from minor to major mode. Kanne, whom Wallace believes to have been an early contributor (1804-07) to the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, was probably the composer's first ardent champion in the press. Unfortunately the freshness of Wallace's study is marred by a tendency towards oblique presentation and inadequate documentation.

To be precise, the author's central concern is not with the musical press of any country, its contributors, readers, influence on, or reflection of, popular opinion; the aim has been to place a small group of intellectually sophisticated writers in the problematic context of changing aesthetic values in the early nineteenth century, symbolized by the philosophical conflict between music as expression and music as form. In painstaking detail Wallace analyses specific critiques, for instance

"kleine Modernsky" would not in any case have allowed him to utilize Schoenberg's serial discoveries until after the elder composer's death. In his essay on the two composers, Leonard Stein reprints a 1925 newspaper article on Stravinsky which Schoenberg clipped out and annotated with vitriolic marginal comments seven years later. It testifies to his continuing bitterness at what he considered to be Stravinsky's undeserved fame. Stravinsky in contrast was generous in his late published comments on Schoenberg; but by then he could afford to be.

Stravinsky and Schoenberg came unexpectedly close at an earlier moment in their careers. In her own essay, Jann Pasher claims *The Rite of Spring* as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*, the same kind of fusion of the arts as Schoenberg attempted in his exactly contemporary *Die glückliche Hand*. It may seem paradoxical to regard *The Rite* as in any way a Wagnerian work, even allowing for the presence of Wagner tubas in the score. But Stravinsky's career is built on paradoxes, another of which is that his modernism developed directly out of a passionate nationalism, and a melodic language steeped in Russian folksong. As Malcolm Hamrick Brown shows, in 1911 Russian critics considered Stravinsky as a nationalist and a traditionalist, in comparison with Prokofiev, who was seen as looking to the future. Brown's is one of several valuable essays on Stravinsky's Russian background, the field of research in which there are most discoveries to be made. In particular, Simon Karlinsky's chapter on Russian preliterature sheds light on the ritualism that informs much of Stravinsky's most potent music.

those by E. T. A. Hoffmann, A. B. Marx and Hector Berlioz on the Fifth Symphony and those by Marx, Friedrich Kanne and F. J. Fröhlich on the Ninth, pointing out subtle differences in each writer's position, showing us finally that, however they reacted to Beethoven's music (the actual reception is both more varied and more favourable than we might expect), these critics all reconciled in some way the two seemingly opposite aesthetic stances, combining an idealistic, poetic or interpretative view of the music with a realistic, technical approach to its methods, thus proving themselves to be, like Beethoven, well and truly "Romantic". (Here again Edward Holmes proves there was no need to ignore England for fear of upsetting the argument: his extended Beethoven essay in Volume Eight of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* [1831] is remarkable for its blend of the emotional and the analytic.) But for all its penetration, Wallace's philosophical trek does seem like the long way round to rather an obvious conclusion. Couldn't most people have guessed that Beethoven's music, firmly rooted in the Viennese Classical tradition yet taking unprecedented liberties with structure, tone and expression, would elicit from sensitive musical writers comments relating to both its craft and its emotional impact?

In fact Wallace's motivation for the whole journey is much more straightforward - to disabuse modern scholars of several "canonical" notions about Beethoven's treatment in the press. He examines the original sources of the myth of Beethoven's ungracious reception (including Schindler) and shows that the late music, particularly the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solennis*, won favour earlier and more widely than is often assumed. He further seeks to demonstrate that the pattern of reaction to Beethoven in France, though occurring later, was remarkably similar to that in Germany. Especially interesting are the fresh historical details. Fröhlich, writing about the Ninth Symphony in *Caecilia* in 1828, was the first to attribute an emotional purpose to a Beethovenian long-range progression from minor to major mode. Kanne, whom Wallace believes to have been an early contributor (1804-07) to the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, was probably the composer's first ardent champion in the press. Unfortunately the freshness of Wallace's study is marred by a tendency towards oblique presentation and inadequate documentation.

John C. 13.16

Behind the lines

Lorna Sage

Robert Knight's TLS article on "The Waldheim Context: Austria and Nazism" (October 3, 1986) – which argued that the Waldheim affair "should not be seen as a paradoxical blot on Austria's success story but as part and parcel of it" – might have been expected to produce a flurry of letters to the Editor, but no. Instead, Knight (who was in Vienna working on a collection of documents for the Jubilee of the *Anschluss* next year) found himself promptly summoned in for a stern "informal chat" by the Austrian Foreign Minister, Peter Janowitz. Herr Janowitz also wrote to ten leading Austrian historians inviting them to refute the kinds of "grotesque" distortions and "haarsträubenden Thesen" (outrageous theories) in which Knight's article abounded. However (as reported in the weekly *Profil* in December) the historians proved reluctant to oblige: one of those written to, Karl Stuhlpfarrer, is quoted as saying that Knight's thesis was "by and large" correct; another (Adam Wandruszka) that it was anyway bad tactics to respond. *Profil* implied that the whole episode showed Janowitz was losing his touch (he's since lost his job as a result of the Grand Coalition) since there was really nothing very new or extraordinary about Knight's arguments, and ended its story on a light note: the head of the Institute for Contemporary History was said to have copied the minister's three-page letter to her colleagues as teaching material.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON

The TLS of February 15, 1912, carried a review of Arthur Ransome's Oscar Wilde: A critical study, from which the following extracts are taken:

Mr Ransome's book will clear the air. It will enable the study of Wilde's writings to be carried on without reference to extraneous circumstances, yet it treats the writings as part of the life.

Wilde was not, as Mr Ransome makes clear, a meteor that flashed from nowhere into nowhere. Mr Ransome sees him coming, all the way from Goethe and Rousseau, through the Romantic Movement, and into the Pre-Raphaelites. To the Oxford of the early seventies – an Oxford just egot with Peter and Swinburne, and much in love with Morris – came a brilliant young Irishman, possessed with a genuine passion for art, but already possessed also with the idea that the finest art of all was the art of life. Many people cultivate that art and are never detected. In Wilde there was a daring, a love of display, a love of public places and public attention, and besides these undoubtedly a touch of the honest missionary, which forced him to cultivate the art of life in the open . . . Wilde at his most affected and ridiculous was still a servant of the rediscovered beauty in art and life which it was his peculiar and rather ungrateful mission to popularize at the cost of his own dignity. *Patience* is great fun; but if Wilde had never paraded his person and his ideas we should have lost more than the fun of *Patience*.

Of his achievements in letters Mr Ransome writes:

He left no form of literature exactly as he found it. He brought back to the English stage a spirit of comedy that had been for many years in mourning. He wrote a romantic play which necessitated a new manner of production, and may be considered the starting-point of the revolution in stage-management.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 316. Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than March 13. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 316", on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on March 20.

1 High and solemn mountains guard Rhodopérou. Small untidy village where the river drives a mill: Frail as wood anemones, white and frail wote you,

Die Presse, however, took up the Janowitz line in an article entitled "The Past as Soap Opera" (alluding to the television series, *Holocaust*), and put Knight's conclusions down to a piecemeal and "perverse" interpretation of the official documents that have been declassified over the last ten years. He is, they suggest, part of a wave of anti-Austrian feeling and of image-mongering, which seeks to impose a false and disfiguring national character on Austria (the myth of the antisemitic Tyrol) and to exploit indigenous uncertainties. After all, "masochism" was a Viennese coinage. Perhaps confirming at least this part of the analysis, the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, still on the story in the new year, noted that the late and much-honoured satirist Helmut Qualtinger was guilty of roughly the same unpatriotic observations as Robert Knight. Which may be the end of the matter, for now. Enough has been said, though, to back up Knight's wry conclusion that Austrian self-deception works, and in a roundabout way.

The Olympian "Committee on English" promised by the Education Secretary, Kenneth Baker has now been appointed, and meets for the first time next Tuesday. The chairman, the mathematician Sir John Kingman, Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University, is an enigmatic choice, and the terms of reference – to recommend within twelve months "a model of the English language, whether spoken or written, which would . . . serve as the basis of how

that, happily, is still proceeding. He showed both in practice and theory the possibilities of creation open to the critic. He found a new use for dialogue, and brought to England a new variety of the novel.

These are high claims, and they are mainly just; though, delightful as "The Critic as Artist" is, we should hesitate to go so far as Mr Ransome does elsewhere in saying that Wilde gave critics "a new creed and a new charter". In everything that he wrote, and for whatever secondary purpose, he maintained his own ideal of literature as an art, a decorative art; and while his taste in life went to pieces, his taste in literature he preserved, if not pure (which it never was), at least undeteriorated.

And that brings us to the crucial question, which "De Profundis" sets us asking about all his writings, and which Mr Ransome answers with originality and daring. Was he sincere? Did he mean what he said? When, in Mr Ransome's phrase, he "chose a point in his personality" and wrote from that point, could it be held that he was telling the truth? Mr Ransome's reply – which should certainly be read in full – is practically this: that no man can tell all the truth; that there is therefore no absolute sincerity, and that if a writer, having chosen what we must call for convenience his "pose", keeps up that pose throughout, in matter, in workmanship, and in the union of the two, then he is sincere. He is telling the truth, though he may say one thing in one work and precisely that opposite in another. So judged, Wilde is undoubtedly sincere.

It is not great literature, but it has its place and, as Mr Ransome shows, its influence. We are, perhaps, still too close to the reputation of the man, for good and ill, and especially to his reputation as a *vivante* and a talker, to say what those may find in his writings who must read them when his life is no longer in living memory.

And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil,

2 I have gone in Ribesinae and in Satal.

I have climbed rocky stairs, heard talk of Croy, Walked over En Bernan's old layout, Have seen Narbonne, and Cahon and Chalus, Have seen Bardeuil, carefully fashioned.

3 *Fait chaud*, as each old woman said, going over the hill, in Périgord, prim in tight bonnets, worn black dresses, and content with the ill of sunlight in their bones.

The answers to Competition No 311 will appear next week.

teachers are trained to understand how the English language works [and] what, in general terms, pupils need to know about how the English language works and in consequence what they should have been taught and be expected to understand on this score at age 7, 11 and 16" – also remain grandly ambiguous. Do they spell prescriptive grammar or consciousness-raising? Mr Baker's November speech about set books (*David Copperfield* at fifteen) suggested the former, but his more recent line at the launch of the "National Literature Initiative" by the Arvon Foundation stressed the value of creative writing and what the professionals call "automaticity". Among the committee members weighing up these and other possible directions are C. B. Cox, considerably mellowed since his Black Paper days, who cheerfully admits "We're trying to do what's been found impossible"; and Peter Levi, who anticipates a concentration, not on syntax, but parataxis – natural language is not syntactically organized ("that was a rhetorical strategy that originated in the law courts in the fourth century BC"), instead we have to look to ways of describing much looser constructions, all "ands" and "thens," like Mistress Quickly's description of Falstaff's death. Or indeed, the committee's own terms of reference (see above).

None the less, Professor Levi belongs to the "Eton for everybody" school of thought: there is no longer any separate "popular" culture to speak of, though there may once have been: "Now all we can do is give T. S. Eliot to everybody." To that end, and with an air of putting a Siamese among the pigeons, he outlines a pet scheme of his own for a government-supplied library (the same one) in every school, with only (say) 5 per cent of local variation allowed. The sort of thing Edward VI meant, possibly. Certainly it is a view shared by Sir Roy Shaw, whose reflections on his experience as Secretary-General of the Arts Council (*The Arts and the People*, 147pp. Cape, £9.95, 0 224 02356 X) gloomily chart the process by which "the best for the most" became thoroughly unfashionable. Sir Roy is something of a connoisseur of the abuses of literacy, particularly by ministers. He quotes what he slyly suggests must have been a Freudian slip on Lord Gower's part: "It is the first concern of all levels of government to deal with materialistic things . . ." An example, he'd say, of the way ideology has crept in everywhere over the past decade, heralded by a Labour policy document which announced (an example of creeping pa-

rataxis?) that it was clearly a mistake to see the arts as being "outside politics and of secondary importance".

* * *

Relaunched in time for Valentine's Day is "The Introduction Agency for Thinking People". Drawing Down the Moon. May McClory began it three years ago at 19 Bury Place, near the British Museum, in a bookshop (the dating agency came first, the books were an afterthought, ice-breakers and protective "cover" for lonely thinkers), and another Mary (Balfour) is continuing the tradition at 7 Kensington High Street. Drawing Down the Moon does boast the odd real person (a clock-maker, a boat-builder, one deep-sea diver) on its books, but specializes in "literary, academic and creative" people, and is plagued with poets. Her clients, says Ms Balfour, go in for special forms of loneliness which are to do with working at home and/or being semi-public figures – "at the sorts of events they go to it's hardly appropriate to meet someone". They're also inclined, being mostly aged between thirty and fifty, to be "set in their ways" and reluctant, when it comes to the point, to make room for someone else in their lives: like the demanding gentleman who wanted to meet someone who played tennis to a high standard, and the piano reasonably. Ms Balfour found him a someone who exactly fitted the bill, but also loved cats, to which he was (of course) allergic.

The agency's questionnaire does try to identify clients' major quirks by asking jokey questions about who you'd like to be if you weren't yourself and what your hobbies are. Ms Balfour, who's expert at decoding the answers, reckons she could match up (say) an Anais Nin or a Spike Milligan without very much difficulty. Though anyone who says he's interested in trains and train-spotting will be lonely for ever, and industrial archaeology is almost as bad, is singing in a choir (though you mustn't confess to being tone deaf, unless you have elaborate compensatory pluses, like having lived in China). Drawing Down the Moon advertises in the *London Review of Books*, the *Spectator*, *Time Out*, the *Literary Review* (though the last doesn't seem to produce much response) and the *Ham and High* ("for older men"); and Mary Balfour, whose fantasy *alter ego* is surely Dame Iris Murdoch, claims responsibility for the mere six months she has been at the job, for at least fifteen marriages, "and umpteen love affairs".

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Zygmunt Bauman is the author of *Hermeneutics and Social Science*, 1978. Christopher Chippindale edits the archaeological journal *Antiquity* for the University of Cambridge. Richard Cork's *David Bomberg* was reviewed in the TLS last week. George Craig is Reader in French in the School of European Studies, University of Sussex. Valentine Cunningham's *Spanish Front: Writers on the Civil War* was published last year. Gavan Dawes is Professor of Pacific History at the Australian National University, Canberra. Hilary Davies is co-editor of the poetry review *Argo*. Rosemary Dinan's *Annie Besant* was published last year. Tim Dooley's collection of poems, *The Interrupted Dream: Poems 1971-1984*, was published in 1985. Warwick Edwards is a lecturer in Music at the University of Glasgow. M. R. D. Foot's books include *SOE: An outline history*, 1984. Arthur Freeman is a consultant in rare books, principally with Bernard Quaritch Ltd. Christopher Hawtree's anthology of the magazine *Night and Day* was published last year. Michael Holman's most recent collection of poems, *Aorimory*, was published last year. Alistair Horne is writing the official biography of Harold Macmillan. Michael Howard is Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford, and also Vice-President of the Council on Christian Approaches to Defence and Disarmament. William H. Jordy is Henry Ledyard Goddard Professor of Art Emeritus at Brown University. He is working on a study of modern American architecture and design in the 1920s and 30s and he is co-author of *Louis Sullivan: The function of ornament*, which was published recently. Declan Kiberd is Director of the Yeats International Summer School. David Matthews is a composer and the author of *Michael Tippett: An introductory study*, 1980. I. D. McFarlane is Professor of French Literature at the University of Oxford. His biography of the Scottish humanist, *Buchanan*, appeared in 1981. Barrie Pankiss is a lecturer in War Studies at King's College, London. He is co-author of *The Ethics of War*, 1979. Henry Potts is a dealer in architectural drawings. Simon Rae's poems appeared in *Faber's Poetry Introduction* 5, 1982. Peter Redgrave's *The Millbrook Poems and Grand Haven* is reviewed in the TLS this week. J. M. Richards' most recent book is the *National Trust Book of Bridges*, 1984. John Rogers is a lecturer in Modern History at the University of Durham. He has been the Editor of *Antiquity*, *Equinox* and *Representation* since 1981. Ann Ryan's *Property and Political Theory* was published in 1984. William Scott is the author of *Terror and Repression in Revolutionary Marseilles*, 1973. David Segal is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Jennifer Uglow is the editor of the *Macmillan Biographical Dictionary of Women*, published in 1983. Sarah Waters is a lecturer in English at University College London. Robert S. Wicks' *Hitler's Apocalyptic: Lenin and the Nazi legacy*, was published in 1985.

Letters

'Conspiracy of Silence'

Sir, – There is much truth in Joseph Brodsky's perceptive analysis (January 30) of the "spy" phenomenon contained in his review of *Conspiracy of Silence* by Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman. More particularly, perhaps, he is right to criticize the fascination exercised by "spies" on the educated British mind. In support of this thesis I should like to suggest that the actual damage to our national interests resulting from the activities of our own "spies" can well be exaggerated. We shall not know exactly what he gave away until the files of MI5 are open to inspection (if they ever are), to say nothing of those of the KGB. But, after all, for the greater part of his time in MI5 we were the allies of the Soviet Union and I cannot imagine that what he revealed to his controllers was in any major way prejudicial to our war effort.

The appalling Burgess (for whose exclusion, in 1940 from the "D" Section of MI6 I was partly responsible) may have done more damage when he subsequently entered the Foreign Office on a temporary basis, more especially when he became Assistant Private Secretary to Hector McNair for a period after the war. But he certainly had no influence at that time on our "Cold War" policies, even if he gave the Russians a good account of how they were developing.

Maclean, it is true, may have been of considerable use to his employers over the years, more especially when he was privy to nuclear secrets in the Washington Embassy; but we must remember that by that time the Soviet Union had already obtained all essential information about how to make its bomb from other spies and was going to go ahead with its nuclear programme whatever the United States was likely to do. Generally speaking, I believe Pankovskiy gave us more much information about Soviet nuclear policy and inventions than Maclean, *mutatis mutandis*, ever gave the Russians.

Incidentally, when, in April 1948, I was the chief negotiator in secret meetings in the Pentagon for what became a year or so later the North Atlantic Treaty, he was in on the discussions and it is at least arguable that the Russians may have been restrained from taking any unduly risky action in Europe by the indications in my telegrams (which Maclean presumably passed on) that the Americans were seriously thinking of organizing physical resistance on an international scale to any such action on their part.

Philby, as Brodsky says, was different – more devoted, more intelligent and thus more dangerous. At the least, he caused the deaths of many of our agents and Soviet defectors and foiled various anti-Communist moves on the part of our intelligence services. Whether, after *Suez*, he really changed the entire policy of the *Pollburo* towards the Middle East, as Brodsky suggests, I must say I take leave to doubt. *Suez* was a gratuitous gift to the Kremlin which they could surely have been expected to exploit for all it was worth.

One final thought. The more agents a nation employs, the more reports it receives, the greater the difficulty in sorting out the grain from the chaff – in other words, in deciding which reports to accept. Naturally, direct and unimpeachable evidence of an adversary's intentions (not involving "spies"), such as intercepts or photographs, can be invaluable, but most other indications may well be suspect. Documents, after all, can be forged and reported conversations may be designedly misleading, or, still worse, out of date. There may also be rivalry between various secret organizations. I believe Ribbentrop refused to accept as genuine the documents relating to D-Day, stolen by the spy "Cicero" from our Ambassador to Turkey's red box, because he did not care for the organization – was it the

In the review in last week's TLS of Ben Funt's edition of *The Political Diary of Hugh Dalton, 1918-40, 1943-60* Peter Clarke referred to Hugh Dalton as having had, by November 1954, nearly forty years' experience as a member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party. Dalton, in fact, had served on the Committee for thirty years by that date.

Abwehr? – which collected them! Maybe the whole business of spying, of agents, double agents and even triple agents, while it may absorb us as fiction and make fortunes for authors, is something which we need not take too seriously. Was it not Khrushchev who once suggested – if only in jest – that East and West intelligence services might well be merged?

OLADWYN.
62 Whitehall Court, London SW1.

Sir, – In the relatively undifferentiated stream of drivel that passes for a review, Joseph Brodsky's intervention in the Anthony Blunt affair nevertheless succeeds, though perhaps only once, in catching the eye. I refer to that astonishing moment in his text when he appears to be making some sort of gesture towards argument:

Nobody seems to have told the young men of Cambridge, for instance, that killing in the name of a social ideal is a contradiction in terms, that it is still murder. The only ones in their generation to have learned this were those who returned from Spain alive [my italics].

I take it that, by "those who returned from Spain alive", he is referring largely to the International Brigaders. As one of those who returned from Spain alive (clearly we cannot inspect the views of those who died there), my father talked to me at great length about his activities and experiences in the Spanish Civil War, including what it had meant to face an enemy and kill him. I do not however recall him ever saying to me that what he had "learned" was that he had been guilty of murder. Perhaps he was lying to me, but I doubt it. I further doubt, were one to sound opinion among Brigaders still alive today, that they would choose to represent their actions in the terms proposed by Brodsky. I even imagine that they might suggest that Brodsky has a lot to "learn" himself: in particular, that a highly developed talent for purveying insulting ineptitude is not a promising base from which to have a shot at something resembling moral and political argument.

CHRISTOPHER PRENDERGAST.
King's College, Cambridge.

John Cornford

Sir, – Your reviewer Edward Mendelson was unfair and ungenerous to the memory of John Cornford in your issue of January 16. He overlooked two crucial facts. Cornford was a very young man, one who was killed in action on his twenty-first birthday or the next day. (Was there ever a lively sixth-former or intelligent undergraduate who did not enjoy success in debate with his teachers?) Second, Cornford volunteered for a cause in which he sincerely believed and which by 1939 came to involve millions. In doing so, he fought as an infantryman under conditions of great severity and cruel disadvantage and must be expected to have developed some of the qualities characteristic of young fighting men; although he remained to the end a man of passionate feeling and poetry.

We should honour his memory as one of those who "for our tomorrow gave his today".

J. A. HALL.
9 Offa Lane, Newton, Cambridge.

Sir, – Edward Mendelson includes an unfortunate interpretation of a line from one of John Cornford's letters in his review of Cornford's *Collected Writings*.

Mendelson writes: "At twenty Cornford was expert enough in the party line to write a suave and seamless essay on 'What Communism Stands For'". He was displeased to see others demonstrate similar expertise: "I am really alarmed," he wrote, "about the number of people who are capable of putting the line clearly and simply".

Mendelson's obvious hostility to Cornford has blinded him to the clear meaning of Cornford's comment. If one reads it in the full context of the letter in which it occurs then it is apparent that its meaning is the opposite of that suggested by Mendelson: Cornford is alarmed that there are so few (not so many) people able to "put the line clearly and simply".

JEREMY HAWTHORN.
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Vatican Two

Sir, – Alberic Stacpoole (Letters, January 30) is either looking for further publicity or making a fuss about nothing. I recognized that some chapters in *Vatican II: By those who were there* (for example, Tom Stranksy's on the Secretariat for Christian Unity) made an important new contribution; and if space had allowed – it didn't – I would have mentioned George Tavard.

But my general point remains. Fr Alberic has done yeoman service in getting these pieces translated. But many of them were familiar to non-monoglot readers anyway. Thus the impressive final chapter by Yves Congar called "A Last Look at the Council" was a paper given in the University of Fribourg on January 23, 1979. Chapter 8, also by Congar, began life in 1980 with a lecture I attended in Rome. The acknowledgements thank Doubleday for permission to use a few words by Hans Küng which come from a book published in 1978.

Most galling of all, it was I who informed Dom Alberic about Cardinal Suenens's paper at Brescia in September 1983, and indeed provided him with a photocopy of the *Osservatore Romano* version of the original Montini letter.

So, while not wishing to undervalue the genuinely original chapters of the book, which I acknowledged, my judgment that some of it conveyed an impression of *déjà vu* (*c'est le cas de le dire*) is confirmed.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE.
45 Marston Street, Oxford.

Captain Cumming's Disability

Sir, – After the recent review (January 30) by Julian Symons of Phillip Knightley's book *The Second Oldest Profession* I feel I must make an attempt to dispel the myths which have been gathering for some years around Mansfield Cumming's right leg.

Cumming, who was noted in the review as the first head of the British Secret Service, was involved in a car accident on October 2, 1914, and stories about his injuries quickly began to grow within the intelligence community. By 1969, when Richard Deacon published his *History of the British Secret Service*, they had reached maturity. Deacon thus soberly informed his readers that Cumming's grim legacy was "a wooden leg to which he was always drawing attention by striking matches on it, or, rather more alarmingly, by tapping it with a paper-knife while interviewing people". Knightley selected this story for his new book, but in the telling it had grown gnarled with age. Readers were now assured that in these encounters Cumming's visitors were not simply alarmed by his tapping, but "were intimidated by his habit of stabbing this wooden leg with his paper knife in order to drive home the point of an argument".

Quite what Captain Cumming did with his uniform trousers, once they had been peppered with holes, was not explained, but before this appeared in print a second remarkable tale had emerged to rival it. In his book *Secret Service* (1985), Christopher Andrew revealed that, far from being incapacitated by the loss of his limb, Cumming had bought himself a child's scooter and, "placing his wooden leg upon it he learned to propel himself at speed along the War Office corridors". Questions flooded the mind. If accompanied, did he carry the scooter or politely moderate the pace? What did he do when he got to the stairs? Did he leave his scooter with the porter when he went out?

But Julian Symons has now broken through this speculation, and, in a joyous misreading of Dr Andrew's account, informs us that Cumming "propelled himself along Whitehall corridors on a child's scooter which contained also his (detached) wooden leg". How, one is forced to ask, could Cumming propel his scooter once he had removed his wooden leg? A future historian of the Secret Service will doubtless provide a full explanation of this bizarre riddle, but in the meantime a couple of points may be of interest to readers.

First, Cumming did not have a wooden leg. His pension record shows quite clearly that in the crash he suffered only "loss of right foot

and impaired use of left leg – nearly equivalent, to loss of a limb". We must thus assume that, if Knightley's story is correct, Cumming used to underscore his arguments by rolling down his sock and sticking his paper-knife into his artificial foot – a manoeuvre which certainly offers the advantage of surprise, but seems inherently impossible.

Second, it is most unlikely that Cumming ever rode a scooter in the War Office. One source indicates that he did, but Valentine Williams, a journalist who knew Cumming during the war, provides a much more plausible origin for this story. In *The World of Action* (1938), he recalled how Cumming, after the accident

provided himself with a man-size motor-scooter made to his own specifications – it must have been the first motor-scooter in London – on which he used to travel between his office and the Ministries of Whitehall. Later, he had a motor-car fitted with the controls on the steering wheel in which he drove himself about – I rode with him many times.

Child's scooter or motor-scooter? Wooden leg or artificial foot? I suppose you take your pick, but it does seem that writers dismantled the myths of the British Secret Service, and we might as well start with Mansfield Cumming's right leg.

NICHOLAS HILEY.
New Hall, Cambridge.

'Mayday'

Sir, – I must correct two serious errors which flew John Ranelagh's review of my book *Mayday* in the TLS of December 5, 1986.

Mr Ranelagh speculates that it was "likely" that the Soviets shot down Francis Gary Powers's U-2 spy plane on May Day 1960 in order to "sabotage" the summit conference between Eisenhower, Khrushchev, Macmillan and de Gaulle scheduled for fifteen days hence. To defend this notion, he claims that after developing anti-aircraft technology capable of downing the U-2 by 1959, the Soviets "chose to wait until two weeks before the summit before deploying it".

This is false. As *Mayday* documents, the Soviets had already begun deploying this technology (ie, SA-2 missiles) against the spy planes since at least 1959. The book quotes Powers as saying that "some were uncomfortably close to our altitude". Thus, as the book concludes, it was only by antic fate – not a Soviet plot to "sabotage" the summit – that the May Day 1960 flight was the first to be halted.

Ranelagh also writes that after his release from a Soviet prison, Powers "lived with guilt for the rest of his life: he felt that he had been expected to die [should a U-2 be downed] and that by surviving he had let his side down". He further claims that the CIA had "expected" Powers to commit suicide "so as not to fall into Russian hands".

This is misleading. As quoted in *Mayday*, Richard Bissell, who ran the U-2 programme for the CIA, has said that the pilots were "exhorted but not ordered" to kill themselves if captured. And far from feeling "guilty", Powers in his last years was actually indignant that so many Americans mistakenly believed that he had violated orders to kill himself.

MICHAEL R. BESCHLOSS.
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Salt-cellers

Sir, – Randle Cotgrave's *A Dictionary of the French and English Tongues* (published in London in 1611 and probably the source for the *Pett Robert* attestation to which your correspondent P. S. Falla (Letters, January 23) referred) throws some light on *saltere*: "A salt-seller, a table or trencher salt; also, a powdering house; also, the hollownesse, or hollowe pit, betweene the blades of the shoulders; [. . .] also, the pit or hole over the eye of a horse; or the bone wherein it is". I have not come across *saltere* with this anatomical meaning in sixteenth-century French, but it is, of course, fairly common in modern French with the same meaning as in English.

M. J. FREEMAN.
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John Cornford

COMMENTARY

Outside it all

Jonathon Brown

RICHARD WAGNER
The Flying Dutchman
Theatre Royal, Glasgow

Wagner had already written three operas in the eight years before 1841, but it was with *The Flying Dutchman* that he first began a thorough experimentation with the pattern that was to become the stamp of his genius. In a simple plot, so little more than an incident or an encounter, that it easily became a single act on stage, the complexities lie in the significance of things to the characters, their emotional and even intellectual grasp of life, rather than in the melodrama that their situation might otherwise seem to be. It is through the detail of such understanding that the Wagnerian detail of establishing a feeling of there being the weight of a whole life poised on the smallest balance.

It is a pattern too of bold contrasts, and in this early work almost too many: the sea and the land, the visionary and the humdrum, calm and storm, and the desperate bartering of jewellery and riches in the hopes of redemption. It is a pattern that forces the modern director into a quandary, having to choose between the "internal" and "external" aspects of it. Of course, in Wagner's day, with naturalistic stage settings and a taste for spectacle, the internal drama was left to speak for itself through Wagner's music. It may be that nowadays the director cannot trust his audience to appreciate the internal drama (nor perhaps can he trust his designer to create the external drama properly); in which case he resorts to an emphasis upon supposedly significant glosses, often all too marginal insights by the director. At any rate, for whatever reason, we never see on stage what was asked for by the composer. (So much for "authenticity".) In this new production, John Cox's first effort at Wagner, the marginal insights concern the state of the textile industry and of shipping technology in the 1840s. The programme carries pictures of con-

temporary paddle steamers, cotton mills – and Brunel. Needless to say, there is no illustration of contemporary productions of *The Flying Dutchman*.

These illustrations are offered largely to justify or explain the haphazard stage sets designed by Eugene Lee, an American here working on his fourth opera. He has chosen a naturalistic setting with, for example, an assortment of ship's fittings to suggest Daland's vessel, but in a cluttered and half-hearted fashion. In search for realism, he goes too far: the hydraulically lurching deck is ludicrous and unrealistic. And on the other hand, the ship's paddle appears to be well above the water level, and in the middle of the deck. As for the *coups de théâtre*, there is nothing except some back-lighting and a flapping red sail. The Dutchman's ship does not go under and Senta is reduced to throwing a model of a ship on to the floor.

Meanwhile, John Cox has done well to preserve the realism of some of the characters, a rumbustious Daland from Oddbjørn Tennfjord being memorable enough. For the Dutchman, however, he emphasizes a stolid and withdrawn aspect that is unconvincing. In the great duet, as they unknit and entwine their destinies, Senta and the Dutchman show nothing of her newly glimpsed peace, nor of his newly re-awakened excitement. Too much is made of his dignity and he registers very drably indeed. His calm has constantly been won against storms both at sea and in his heart, but this sense of precarious wonder is everywhere undermined. I intend it as a compliment to say that in his voice Norman Bailey expresses this fragile strength magnificently; but, in a leather costume that gives him the appearance of an old Hell's Angel, and with gestures that are unsuitably wooden beside the humanity of the voice, he only has that voice left to him to communicate with. The slight roughness of Kathryn Harries as Senta makes their togetherness especially moving. Only in that warm humanity do the internal and external dramas come together, and to great effect.

Trying the gag

Barbara Day

VÁCLAV HAVEL/TOM STOPPARD
Large Desolato
Orange Tree Theatre, Richmond

Leopold Kopriva, writer and philosopher, is waiting for the arrival of the secret police. He is afraid to leave the flat "in case they come while I'm not here". On his own, he is in a state of high tension, his gaze fixed on the spy hole in the front door. Nor do other people relax him; his friends, wife, mistress and two admirers from a paper mill make his head spin with declarations of support and advice which sound more like accusations of guilt. "We're of the opinion that you could be doing a lot more than you are doing"; "perhaps you don't realize your responsibility for everything".

The material for *Large Desolato* is drawn from Václav Havel's recent experience, but the treatment is that of the comedy sketch from music-hall or silent film. Havel once wrote an essay called "The Anatomy of the Gag", in which he analysed gags from silent film; in *Large Desolato* the jokes are verbal rather than visual. Many of them involve secret police, whose partnerships Havel recognizes as belonging to the tradition of the comic duo. Early in the play, Leopold opens the door to two burly men who introduce themselves with restrained formality. Leopold expects an interrogation, instead he is offered, by these representatives of the "ordinary people", a quantity of illicit paper. (In Czechoslovakia, larger quantities of paper are rationed. They are for recognized institutions only.) But later in the play the secret police do arrive, their restrained formality a mask for the thug who drags Leopold's mistress out into the street. At the end of the play, in a final comic twist they subvert Leopold's expectations, prolonging his agony indefinitely.

Havel's comic skills both deflect and height-

en the sense of imminent tragedy: Leopold's conversations with his estranged wife turn on silver egg spoons and pan-scourers; waiting for the secret police to arrive, he compulsively swallows vitamin pills supplied by his mistress. Moments of potential gravity are exposed as pompous.

Leopold is at the receiving end of the gag, foolish in his innocence. He is marvelously played at the Orange Tree by Geoffrey Beevers. His inquiring face extends itself into the world like that of a tortoise from under its shell, and then retreats into wrinkled anxiety. Beevers treats the role with the necessary exaggeration and a Chaplinesque vulnerability. The other performers are less successful, except, in one scene where Auriol Smith as Leopold's wife Zuzana and Philip York as his best friend Onda set out together for a dance wearing absurdly correct but outdated evening dress.

The improvised atmosphere at the Orange Tree Theatre, the simplicity of the setting and the technical limitations are, under Sam Walters' direction, exactly right: popular Czech theatre nowadays takes place in club-rooms and art galleries, trade union halls and public rooms of hotels. Havel is familiar with that world, and his play, which cannot be performed in Czechoslovakia, has something of that feeling.

Tom Stoppard's adaptation of two plays by Arthur Schnitzler, *Dalliance* and *Undiscovered Country*, have been first performed in 1986 and 1979, have been published by Faber in one volume (147pp. Paperback, £2.95/0.571 14739 9). Stoppard's writing career is the subject of a volume in Methuen's *Writer-Files* series. *File on Stoppard* contains a chronology of the playwright's life, a list of the plays, adaptations and film scripts with brief performance histories and a selection from interviews and articles by Stoppard under the heading, "The Writer and his Work".

Unrespectable arrangements

George Craig

MOLIÈRE
School for Wives
Lyttelton Theatre

Dramatists, like football clubs, stand to lose a great deal because of what their fans get up to, but few can have been worse served than Molière. He was successful enough in his own time – he could make Louis XIV laugh – to draw from religious zealots accusations of immorality, blasphemy and general subversiveness. The familiar battle-lines were drawn: obscurantism had to be fought down, the charges refuted. Molière, in short, had to be shown to be a respectable dramatist: a shrewd but kindly observer of human foibles, severe only on excess, whose work, leaving behind admittedly vulgar beginnings, moved towards the cool elegance of high comedy. Should the message of any play seem unclear, the *raisonneur* would point us to the relevant middle way. Even those critics and directors who saw that Molière never turned away from farce tended to assume that, in moral and social matters, he knew the right answers. Which is why, in our time, plays like *Les Femmes savantes* and *L'École des femmes* cause such embarrassment: can this paragon of good sense really be saying that women should never be educated, that all they need is a good man?

For their first production at the National Theatre, Di Trevis and her company have cut right through this carapace of accumulated moralizing and given us, in their *School for Wives*, a chance to see the unrespectable Molière, rawer and subtler than the one we have been fobbed off with by generations of critics and directors: the respectable, judicious Molière of the A level texts.

The plot turns on one idea. Arnolphe, obsessive chronicler of cuckoldry, has so arranged things that he himself may marry without fear. Having relieved a distressed mother of the care of her child, he has had the girl Agnes brought up by nuns and by a peasant couple in his service. Agnes has been given every care, but taught as little as possible, and kept from contact with any other men. Now that Agnes is nubile, Arnolphe wants the reward of his foresight. But Agnes has been tricked into meeting

Dating the diva

Stephen Pickles

GIACOMO PUCCINI
Tosca
Coliseum

Jonathan Miller has had some notable successes at the Coliseum, his *Rigoletto* winning him considerable popular acclaim in an art form long associated with exclusiveness and the rich. His new production of *Tosca* (first seen in Florence last year, and reviewed in the TLS of July 4), disappoints as relentlessly as its similarly updated predecessor impressed. It is easy to understand why the idea of Rome in 1944 appealed to him. Setting anguished individuals against one of the Second World War's most bitterly fought offensives – the Allied struggle to liberate Rome – would seem to promise a theatrical experience replete with passion and moral uplift. Sadly, those desperate times have barely inspired the designer, Stefanos Lazaridis, who offers no more than a Baroque church's grey interior, suspended above the stage, which is raked sideways at a steep angle. *Tosca* is one of the repertoire's great melodramas, and to read it as primarily a melodrama of the eternal struggle between the oppressed and the wicked oppressors – in this case the resistance fighters and the Fascist police – serves only to embarrass the overblown melodrama which characterizes most of the action and much of the score.

Miller's solemn reading of the opera's politics stands as if in disapproval of the love affair between Tosca and Cavaradossi, an affair whose theatrical virtues rest, surely, in its melodramatic scale and flair. It is not surpris-

ing, therefore, that Miller's lovers are pale imitations of Puccini's. Doubtless they are intended to be more credible, scaled-down and were; but responding to the music's passionate rhetoric leaves the audience bewildered by the lack of any sympathetic portrayal by the protagonists. Josephine Barstow, perhaps too attentive to her producer, does the title role with a second act her endlessly unfocused, and ing and furniture-groping do little to convey the diva's torment as her lover is tortured. It is scarcely credible that a woman of such passion would sit on an upright chair for any length of time while Cavaradossi suffers, but Barstow's portrayal of a hysterical woman suggests that Miller may have moored her there for the sake of variety. Vocally she is prosaic rather than rapturous, and in this she is close to her Cavaradossi, a recently injured and rather unhappy looking Eduardo Alvarez. Only Neil Howlett's Scarpia reminds one of the musical pleasures usually enjoyed in this work. In the pit maestro's suitably low-key with a pedestrian scaling of climaxes and timid attempts at revealing orchestral colours so lacking on stage.

The succession of misunderstandings, misses and unlikely coincidences, weepings and rejoicings is handled with a fine sense of pace, so that, as the adventure works itself out, we can see another play. For if in one direction this group of bonai confederates, Kingsley about world of the *commedia dell'arte*, grotesquely lustful old men, helpless and beautiful maidens, spirited young lovers, cunning and vengeful servants – in another it looks like one of the hated totems fell before their feet. Experts were soon cut down: they were the ones who, when commissioning a statue, always insisted on something with holes in. So what you got was "a pale imitation of Henry Moore, or worse, Henry Moore himself".

Producers were just as bad. While they were interested in doing an opera if they could set it on Mars, or ancient Sparta, or Zimbabwe. George Gale, however, carried off the Alf Garnett trophy by declaring that opera of any kind was a notorious con-trick perpetrated on the tax-payers of Bolton and Bognor by the London glitterati. "Dreadful rubbish", he called it, "nineteenth-century Italian twaddle".

Indeed, it was noticeable how much the awfulness of modern art was due to foreigners. "That Spanish chap, what's his name? Picasso?" said Chase, teasing his beard with feigned ignorance. Good for a laugh, his stuff, he supposed. But why should we be forced to pay for it? Roy Hudd, the most pugnacious of the bonai warriors, evoked the bums-on-seats philosophy of music-hall, while rattling off anecdotes of card players on Arts Council grants. It was all good knockabout stuff, the kind of thing that would pack them in at Bolton

Robert David MacDonald has supplied a translation that is at once inventive and faithful. It is perhaps jokier than the original, but in a production like this, that is small harm. One of his bolder bits of rhyming gives the peculiarly apt yoking of "levity" with "special gravity".

Opera North, Scottish Opera and Welsh National Opera have combined forces and, with sponsorship by IBM, have produced a "portfolio" of *The Trojans* by Hector Berlioz (12pp. Paperback, £1.50). A folder of information on Part One *The Capture of Troy*, and Part Two, *The Trojans at Carthage*, contains background essays, plot summaries and copies of the new English translation of the libretto by Hugh MacDonald.

Prejudices on parade

David Nokes

Split Screen
BBC2

Geoff Chase's hobby is bonsai. It is not subsidised, nor would he wish it to be. On the BBC's new series, *Split Screen*, which was tackling the topic of Arts subsidies, he was seen emerging from his collection of stunted trees, and had gathered together a loyal band of backwoodsmen to lop off the overarching branches of artistic subsidy and weed out the burgeoning undergrowth of cultural pretensions. This group of bonai confederates, Kingsley about world of the *commedia dell'arte*, grotesquely lustful old men, helpless and beautiful maidens, spirited young lovers, cunning and vengeful servants – in another it looks like one of the hated totems fell before their feet. Experts were soon cut down: they were the ones who, when commissioning a statue, always insisted on something with holes in. So what you got was "a pale imitation of Henry Moore, or worse, Henry Moore himself".

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Innocent employment

Patricia Craig

A Judgement in Stone
Various cinemas

The Ruth Rendell novel on which this stylish film is based concerns a warped woman, Eunice Parchman by name, whom the author regards with distaste and wonder, while recounting her activities in an unimpassioned way. She isn't entirely to blame for her obnoxiousness, her one resource (petty blackmail) when it comes to keeping her end up, or her inability to respond to overtures of friendship. A shameful defect, and the efforts to keep it concealed, have spoiled her social manner. Eunice Parchman is illiterate. The oddity of this state, and its relation to the badness within her, is what interests her creator. Eunice's fear and loathing of the printed word amounts to a phobia. "The magazine on the table intimidated her as much as a spider might have intimidated another woman." Perhaps taking her cue from this sentence, the makers of the film have lumbered Eunice with an actual fear of spiders, and trace this aversion back to an incident in the schoolroom, where we see her as a miserable, squallid, persecuted child. This is the following scene, in which the middle-aged Eunice smothered her taunting old father, set as a prologue to the main story, which is about her relationship with the wealthy Coverdale family.

The novel announces the outcome of this relationship in its opening line. "Eunice Parchman killed the Coverdale family . . . we read straight away; the narrative drive comes from something other than ordinary suspense. It comes, as much as anything, from Eunice's peculiar nature and the method used to convey it. We know what is in store for the innocent family that employs the arid woman as a housekeeper, and watch with relief the deadly path of events taking shape. The author is in a position to underline the wrong thinking of

or Bognor, though not perhaps at the Bush Theatre.

Split Screen's formula is to show two independently made films giving opposing views, with the minimum of editorial intervention. Moving from Chase's lampoon to Jenny Topper's slick promotional video was like leaving the world of vaudeville for a party political broadcast. Topper, a director of the Bush, fronted her own film with a politician's gaze of earnest sincerity. In her voice-over commentary she offered up simple lobs for her experts to hit to the boundary. "Tell me, Sir Claus, how much money is spent on the arts in this country?" Sir Claus Moser duly obliged with a list of statistics including earnings from tourism and employment opportunities. Chase's saloon-bar polemics were replaced by soft and civilized voices talking of culture and mental health in a manner which perfectly caught the stereotypes of both sides. Topper's best witness was Mark Boyle, whose polystyrene pavements had caused such offence to Chase. Boyle told the story of a man who had lived his whole life on an unvaried diet of mince and potatoes. You might also envy such a man his certainty and satisfaction, he thought. But he was missing out on so much else. George Gale, one couldn't help feeling, had the satisfied look of a mince and potato man.

Topper's plea for subsidies moved to a show-biz finale, with clips from *Educating Rita* to emphasize the interdependence of commercial success and artistic integrity. It was a skilful, thoughtful and impressive piece of advocacy, yet in its very professionalism lacked the visual punch of Chase's tongue-in-cheek parade of prejudices. Our artists, Topper concluded, striding into the foyer of the Whitehall theatre in a spirit of national pride, "are the best ambassadors we have". But her triumphal gesture brought an ironic reminder of Gale's sour observation that visiting ambassadors are frequently entertained by being taken to the opera because no knowledge of any known languages is required to wallow in such dreadful subsidized rubbish.

the part of the family, which enable the final destructive outbreak to occur. Ousama Rawi's film version jettisons many of the novel's ironies by opting for a straightforward presentation of events, as well as simplifying things here and there; but it doesn't lose out on dramatic interest.

Some crucial changes are made in the film: to begin with, the setting is shifted from Suffolk to a village in Canada. Eunice Parchman is the English housekeeper, supplied by an agency, whose domestic expertise blinds the Coverdales to the bleakness of her personality. We understand, though they do not, that something disquieting has got into the atmosphere surrounding them. In the face of transatlantic expansiveness, Eunice shows a curious kind of crabbedness and apparent self-possession. Rita Tushingham, in the central role, gives a striking performance – all dowdiness and subdued malvolence. She is well supported by the rest of the cast: the glossy Coverdales, the would-be amiable odd-job man, and, in particular, her ally in ill-doing, the local whore-turned-widow, Joan Smith (Jackie Burroughs). Joan Smith, through habit, gets herself up to look like a prostitute even while proselytizing on behalf of a sect known as the Epiphany People. She – like Eunice – is driven by an obscure resentment, but its noisy expression is at the opposite extreme from Eunice's secretiveness.

Eunice Parchman is a throwback to some incomprehensible era. Pretending to suffer from eye-trouble to explain her reluctance to read, consoling herself with chocolates and nourishing acrimony, she dominates the film as she does the book.

A national conference on "Television and the Family: A New Agenda", organized by the British Film Institute and the University of London Institute of Education, will be held in London on February 25 and 26. Further information from British Film Institute, 21, Dean Street, London W1P 6AA.

Presenting the present-day

Richard Cork

State of the Art
Channel 4
SANDY NAIRNE
State of the Art
256pp. Chatto and Windus/Channel Four.
£19.95 (paperback, £12.95).
07011 30865

Since television does so little to explore the work artists are producing today, *State of the Art* deserves a welcome. Accompanied by an exhibition at the ICA Galleries, its six hour-long programmes offer an opportunity to scrutinize a broad array of activities, and the seriousness with which its makers address the condition of art in the late 1980s is salutary. After all, the last large-scale attempt to bring modern art to our screens fell conspicuously short of tackling current developments. Although Robert Hughes called his series *The Shock of the New*, he expended most of his energies on the past rather than the present. Indeed, he was quite open about his belief that recent art seemed threatened by terminal contraction, especially in comparison with the inventive exuberance of the Modern Movement's most heroic years.

So there was every reason why the triumvirate responsible for *State of the Art* – Geoff Dunlop, Sandy Nairne and John Wyer – should concentrate wholly on the present day. Whether or not they felt much more hopeful than Hughes about the scene their programmes survey remains uncertain: "the artists and works selected for *State of the Art*", they explain, "do not illustrate any single thesis or unifying view of art today". But it seems fair to assume that they are firmly committed to the importance of contemporary art, even if the series constantly warns against taking an over-optimistic view.

The first programme sounded this guarded note clearly, by accompanying images of the modern world's impersonal and disorientating immensity with quotations including a passage from Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, in which Herzog worries about the "negligible" status of self in "a society that was no community and devalued the person". Over twenty years have passed since Bellow wrote those words, and the difficulties confronting the individual are now more acute. The artists who made brief, tantalizing appearances in this introductory section tended to share Leon Golub's view that everything is "falling apart". Positive goals are desperately hard to achieve, and Mary Kelly emphasized the need to be precise about "what we're going to attempt to change". Her remarks were reinforced in the most heartening of the programmes – the fourth, devoted largely to women artists' exploration of "Sexuality, Image and Identity". Even so, the rest of the initial programme dwelt on modern art's haunted relationship with history, described by the Roman painter Carlo Maria Mariani as "a great nostalgia for the past and melancholy".

Fortunately, Mariani's listless meanderings were succeeded by the far more impressive paintings of Anselm Kiefer, whose turbulent meditations on the Nazi era were backed up by some powerful camerawork surveying the ploughed fields and epic forests which inspire his art. But despite the sympathetic inventiveness of Jonathan Borofsky, who concluded the first programme by demonstrating his expansive Californian willingness to meet visitors at his exhibitions and involve himself elsewhere with the plight of prisoners, the sense of formidable obstacles remained.

The second programme did little to dispel this mood. Investigating "Value, Commodity and Criticism", it stressed the ever-increasing power of the market. Mary Boone, who runs one of the most influential galleries in New York, exemplified a media-saturated world where art dealers are more famous than their artists. So are collectors as extrovert as Douglas S. Cramer, producer of *Dynasty* and *The Colby*. He has amassed a household of contemporary work; whereas the fictional treasures assembled by the wicked Sable in *The Colby* seem to consist of instantly recognizable Matisse and Picasso's stolen from the great



"Untitled" by Barbara Kruger, from the book, *State of the Art*, reviewed here.

museums of the world.

There is nothing laughable about the effect of voracious collecting by millionaires in the 1980s, though. Inflated values abound, fashionable galleries have become playgrounds for the art investment game. The only definable hope, in a programme awash with misgivings about burgeoning commercialism in art, came at the end of this depressing analysis, when the American critic Thomas McEvilley was seen tapping away on his word-processor in a quiet book-lined room, a lonely figure upholding the importance of independence from gallery pressure.

It was a refreshing moment after the relentless market hype, and the third programme turned out to be the most optimistic of the entire series. The late Joseph Beuys dominated its investigation of "Imagination, Creativity and Work", arguing that "every human being is an artist" with a messianic conviction undiluted by scepticism. But while it was enjoyable to see Antony Gormley submit to the casting of his own body, and Miriam Cahn immersing herself in the rubbing of chalk on to paper, the programme suffered from a diffuseness.

The presence of an authorial voice might have helped here, explaining, for example, why artists as disparate as Howard Hodgkin and Susan Hiller were enlisted to elaborate this theme. The makers of the series deliberately avoided such a voice, in the laudable hope that a more open-ended approach would encourage viewers to make up their own minds. Sandy Nairne's book of the series makes one realize how much of his ability to argue a case has been excluded from the television version.

The later programmes were as pessimistic as the first three. Terry Atkinson's honest doubts about the ability of "a socialist art practice" to effect change was followed, in the final programme on "Identity, Culture and Power", by the alarming sight of aborigines enacting a desert ritual in a smart urban gallery filled with a white Australian audience. Aboriginal art has become something of an exotic spectator sport for the very people whose ancestors were responsible for its virtual destruction. And the series ended with an equally troubling image of Warhol's collaboration with Jean-Michel Basquiat, once a wild black graffiti artist on the Lower East Side streets and now the darling of the white Manhattan gallery circuit. It is a depressing conclusion, but Nairne's final words in the book arrive at a far more constructive verdict, declaring that today's artists can "create the fragments of a resistance, working to discover not simply who they are, but how we all might be". Amen to that.

John Coates

ture has been expanded greatly. As for special language versions of Nota Bene, the authors of the program propose to work out alternate keyboard arrangements for handling characters unique to each language and also to recommend hardware additions to standard computer configuration - different ROM chips or different display boards - which will help to cope with the problems posed by various languages. They also will offer, as part of the Nota Bene package, support for dot matrix and laser printers printing out foreign language characters. Nota Bene has made a very strong bid for a specialized niche in word-processing. It is not cheap, but it is worth the expense.

Nota Bene is already offering a major revision in its second version. This is one test of a program - how often it is updated. All the programs mentioned here have a good record in this respect. WordPerfect is at version 4.2, Microsoft Word at 3.0. In each case, updates are available at a percentage of the full price. PCWrite is at 2.6, and the company's policy thus far has been to offer registered users - at

least in the United States - two free updates.

It is commonly observed that successful word-processing programs, over the course of successive revisions, will get more and more like each other as they seek to incorporate the features that the market-place dictates as most necessary or desirable. This trend has been noticeable already, as programs add feature after feature, though the central "style" of each program remains evident. One consequence of continual growth in the number of supplied features is that when the program is set to running in conjunction with others that use up available memory, the boundaries of the memory capacity of this generation of microcomputers are pushed to the limit; this is now becoming very evident, as users juggle shells and electronic desk-tops and all the other productivity aids that have come to surround basic programs such as word-processors, spreadsheets and data-base managers. At the level of hardware product development, memory capacity is on the verge of breaking through the present limit of 640k, which will solve this par-

ticular problem for the time being.

At the same time, the cost of memory is going down and down, which brings up another question - the relative costs of hardware and software. As programs acquire more features and functions, their cost tends to rise. As microcomputers get cheaper and cheaper (for all sorts of reasons, from the declining cost of memory to low labour costs in computer-producing Third World Asian countries), the software becomes an increasing percentage of the total cost.

At present, to buy a powerful word-processing program other than PCWrite costs in the low to middle hundreds of dollars in the United States, and much more in other countries (except in parts of Asia where pirating of software is practised and the pirated copies are sold for little more than the cost of the disks), on top of some thousands of dollars for the microcomputer and a small printer. Is it worth it? In working out the cost, include the possibility that the computer might qualify as a tax-deductible expense. Beyond that, it is worth

making an attempt to cost user time over length of a writing project, or writing cost. Without doubt, a powerful word-processing program offers great potential gains in productivity.

Microsoft Word, Version 3.0, Microsoft House, 49 De Montford Rd, Reading RG1 2JL, UK. Dragonfly Software, 409 Fulton Street, Redmond, WA 98073, USA.

Nota Bene, Version 1.0 (Version 2.0 available), Oxford Electronic Publishing Co, Walton Street, Walton, Oxford OX2 7DQ, UK. Dragonfly Software, 409 Fulton Street, Redmond, WA 98073, USA.

PCWrite, Version 2.7, SageSoft, NEI House, Centre, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 7BQ, UK. Quicksoft, 219 First N. 224, Seattle, WA 98101, USA.

WordPerfect, Version 4.2, Sentinel Software, Walton-on-Thames KT12 1PY, UK. WordPerfect, 288 W. Center Street, Orem, UT 84057, USA.

XYWrite III, Version 3.0, XYQuest, PO Box 260, Bedford, MA 01730, USA. User group, XYWrite, c/o Joe Russell, 120 Howard Street, San Francisco CA 94105, USA.

Scenes from a marriage

Alastair Horne

MARTIN GILBERT
Road to Victory: Winston S. Churchill 1941-1945

1945
117pp. Heinemann. £20.
043010862

In the latest volume of his official life of Churchill, Martin Gilbert picks up his story on the day after Pearl Harbor, and ends with VE Day. As Eden recorded on December 8, 1941, "the emphasis of the war had shifted, what now mattered was the intentions of our two great allies". Accordingly, there began a period of unprecedented travel, with Eden off to Moscow and Churchill to Washington. "We are now married", pronounced Churchill with infinite relief after spending Christmas with Roosevelt. One of the first matrimonial acts occurred when the President entered Churchill's bedroom and found him in the nude (he had a habit of dictating, unabashed, to his secretaries in a state of extreme *deshabille*): "Mr President," declared the Prime Minister, "I have nothing to conceal..."

Alas, as we learn from Gilbert's account, Churchill's sometimes almost naive openness with Roosevelt and the Americans was reciprocated less and less as the war went on and the relative burden of the two countries shifted. Already by the beginning of 1943 there was evidence that the American military were planning to do Britain out of her birthright in "Tube Alloys" - the Atomic Bomb project.

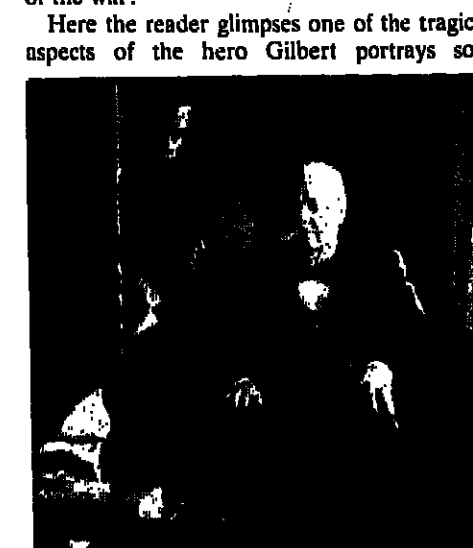
It was in these first months of the Anglo-American "marriage" that Britain suffered some of her worst disasters of the entire war: Hong Kong, Burma, Malaya, Singapore and Tobruk. To Churchill the mere fact of the alliance with the United States was immeasurably consoling, but one is perhaps entitled to speculate as to whether, had the Eighth Army proved able to hold Tobruk against Rommel in 1942, the power relationship between Churchill and Roosevelt might not have been entirely different.

Repeated British defeats in Libya came down, in the last analysis, to an inferiority in armour. In July 1942, Auchinleck is reported as raging to Churchill about the deplorable state of the tanks sent to him; but all through the war British (and American) tanks were outgunned by German "Panthers" and "Tigers". Yet, for all the detailed minutiae with which Churchill intervened regularly in the conduct of the war, Gilbert offers no evidence of his taking up the cudgels over British tank design. Many unnecessary reverses might have been avoided had he done so.

Following the dreadful humiliation of British arms at Singapore, Churchill questioned gloomily whether British soldiers were as good as their fathers, with whom he had lived in the trenches in 1915. When, in 1943, Eisenhower hesitated over HUSKY - the invasion of Sicily - because of the presence of two German divisions there, Churchill, ever ready to complain angrily about what he construed as a lack of fighting spirit, remarked that if this could be decided with the one million armed men now in French North Africa, "it is difficult to see how the war can be carried on". But, as Gilbert shows, Churchill himself was confused about Allied strategic aims in Italy. At first, in May 1943, he tells Roosevelt that it would not be necessary to occupy all Italy. Then he asks, "Why should we crawl up the leg like a harvest from the ankle upwards? Let us rather advance to the knee." Next there is talk about advancing to the Po, and Churchill remarking to Alexander, "no objective can compete with the capture of Rome". Later, the war in Italy "must be nourished and fought until it is won".

Finally, there is the bitter Anglo-American wrangling over ANVIL - the fairly useless landings in the South of France - as against Churchill's desire to strike at the "armpit" of the Adriatic and go for Vienna. On this last proposition, as elsewhere, Gilbert leaves an open verdict; but Churchill was probably more sound than his previous accounts have given him credit for. In that amazingly fertile and restless mind many unspoken as well as brilliant schemes were hatched: Koa and Leros, a landing on the northern tip of Sumatra, and a last-minute change of plan to land on the Atlantic coast of France, instead of the Riviera (what would that have achieved, apart from probably wrecking the vineyards of Bordeaux?) In the end, however, Churchill always bowed to the technical judgment of his Chiefs-of-Staff, which, incidentally, was not always correct.

Again and again the author brings home to us the awful decisions that Churchill had to take, day by day, in the conduct of the war. There was the decision to bomb the marshalling yards in Florence, only one mile from the Duomo. Miraculously, the Duomo emerged unscathed; but did the bombing hasten the end of the war?



A detail from Felix Man's photograph through a mirror of Winston Churchill, sitting for his portrait by Graham Sutherland; on the left of the picture (reproduced from Man with Camera: Photographs from seven decades by Felix H. Man) are the photographer and the painter.

superbly; it is seen in the agonizing dilemma of the man of civilization, faced with the prospect of having to destroy civilization in order to save it. "Destroy Italy; shatter her entirely", he declared after Casablanca in January 1943. All through to VE Day, he subjugated himself and others to one aim: that of winning the war. But this single-mindedness was expensive when it came to the post-war settlement.

The question of why it took so long to defeat Germany is made irrelevant by *Road to Victory*. After all, given the might of Hitler's Reich, it is perhaps more surprising that it did not take longer. Gilbert brings out very clearly the role played by Enigma in shortening and indeed winning the war. Since the secret of the greatest coup by British signals intelligence was disclosed twelve years ago, a very great deal has been written on the subject, but this is the first time that the information received as a result of Enigma has been so directly linked to the action taken upon it. One is entitled to wonder whether the war could have been won at all without Enigma. To cite one example:

Following the dreadful humiliation of British arms at Singapore, Churchill questioned gloomily whether British soldiers were as good as their fathers, with whom he had lived in the trenches in 1915. When, in 1943, Eisenhower hesitated over HUSKY - the invasion of Sicily - because of the presence of two German divisions there, Churchill, ever ready to complain angrily about what he construed as a lack of fighting spirit, remarked that if this could be decided with the one million armed men now in French North Africa, "it is difficult to see how the war can be carried on". But, as Gilbert shows, Churchill himself was confused about Allied strategic aims in Italy. At first, in May 1943, he tells Roosevelt that it would not be necessary to occupy all Italy. Then he asks, "Why should we crawl up the leg like a harvest from the ankle upwards? Let us rather advance to the knee." Next there is talk about advancing to the Po, and Churchill remarking to Alexander, "no objective can compete with the capture of Rome". Later, the war in Italy "must be nourished and fought until it is won".

Finally, there is the bitter Anglo-American wrangling over ANVIL - the fairly useless landings in the South of France - as against Churchill's desire to strike at the "armpit" of the Adriatic and go for Vienna. On this last proposition, as elsewhere, Gilbert leaves an open verdict; but Churchill was probably more sound than his previous accounts have given him credit for. In that amazingly fertile and restless mind many unspoken as well as brilliant schemes were hatched: Koa and Leros, a landing on the northern tip of Sumatra, and a last-minute change of plan to land on the Atlantic coast of France, instead of the Riviera (what would that have achieved, apart from probably wrecking the vineyards of Bordeaux?) In the end, however, Churchill always bowed to the technical judgment of his Chiefs-of-Staff, which, incidentally, was not always correct.

when, in 1942, the U-Boats changed their decoding machines, and their traffic became "unreadable", over the next six months sinkings soared to catastrophic levels. Repeatedly, one sees Churchill knowing of the German battle commanders' orders almost before they reached their subordinates. In September 1944, Churchill knew of the German order for a complete withdrawal from Italy and the Balkans. This was one reason why he was so keen on the thrust for Vienna, via Istria. Generously, Churchill passed to Stalin intercepts relating to the Soviet front, but disguised so as to conceal their origin. Often they were not believed, with dire consequences for the Russians. One of the disadvantages of this secret weapon was that, in order to preserve its secret, Churchill had to restrict the transmission of Enigma intelligence to the narrowest circle. As a result, often crucial intelligence was too slow in reaching the relevant Allied commander.

Gilbert also throws light on the bombing of Dresden. According to him, contrary to Soviet propaganda since 1945 blaming the decision entirely on the Allied "war criminals", the record now makes it clear that it came as a direct result of Soviet requests at Yalta.

Churchill's own personal heroism in his wartime travels emerges very clearly. Some thought he rather overdid it: to Brendan Bracken, "Winston and Anthony were like two housemaids answering every bell". Stalin, refusing (save once) to leave Russia to meet his allies, commented that "Churchill must be the Holy Ghost. He flies around so much." But General Douglas MacArthur reckoned Churchill should be awarded the VC, for his "inspiring gallantry and valour". His plane would be struck by lightning, or bogged in a makeshift Turkish runway; other aircraft would crash with all aboard. Often he would arrive at his destination totally exhausted, with a high fever, or even pneumonia. By the time of his journey to Tehran in 1943, he had already logged 111,000 miles; 792 hours at sea, 339 hours in the air.

Churchill had an almost childish passion for adventure, for the mechanical details of flying, coupled with the artist's elation at flying over natural grandeur such as that of the Atlas Mountains. And there was a sheer love of danger. Once on the Queen Mary he called for a machine-gun: "The finest way to die is in the excitement of fighting the enemy", he explained. When Roosevelt died, Churchill immediately proposed to fly off to the United States for the funeral. But the Cabinet refused to agree. He was physically exhausted. His secretary warned him that he was pouring whisky on his sardines, and vinegar into his glass: "I must be going dotty."

"The misery of the whole world appeals me

and I fear increasingly that new struggles may arise out of those we are successfully ending". Churchill wrote to his wife on his way to Yalta. It is Poland, and Yalta, and the betrayal of all the principles for which he had waged war, that constitute the darkest side of Martin Gilbert's story. In the index, Poland has a longer entry than France - indicative of Churchill's efforts to wrest what he could for Poland out of Stalin's grasp. Realism about the vulnerability of Poland, with the Red Army on its doorstep, and Anglo-American helplessness, dictated, against all his instincts, that Poland had to be bullied into bartering her eastern territories in exchange for "free elections". "I have wooed Joe Stalin as a man might woo a maid", he confessed to the editor of *The Times*; already, in March 1942, he realized that "I do not want to be left alone in Europe with the Bear." Again, as late as October 1944, he could write (to his wife) that he liked "the Old Bear... the more I see him. Now they respect us, here and I am sure they wish to work with us." Thus, on the one hand he clung almost pathetically to irrational hopes of Russian good faith (Roosevelt was even more naive in this regard); on the other hand (and unlike Roosevelt), he half-knew all along that he would be betrayed by Stalin.

So many millions of words have been written about, and by, Churchill that it is only fair to ask what *Road to Victory* offers that is truly new. There is virtually no analysis of decisions taken, no criticism of errors, no imposition of the author's own opinions. Gilbert allows the facts, day by day, to speak for themselves; and very effectively they do so. Certainly at times one would have welcomed a little more comment; for example, on the wisdom of Churchill's strategy in Italy, or on the bombing of Germany.

Where the reader might perhaps be more justified in criticizing Gilbert's method is his lack of "sign-posting". For example, much mention is made of JUPITER, a crazy scheme (about which little has been written) to land an expeditionary force in the north of Norway, in order to halt the losses the Arctic convoys to the Soviet Union were suffering; it would have helped to have been reminded, by a judicious footnote early on, of when and why JUPITER was finally dropped. But from Martin Gilbert's monumental achievement there emerges a much rounder image of Churchill than we have ever had before. It would be hard to read *Road to Victory* without being deeply moved. By his method of simply letting the facts tell the story, Martin Gilbert has given us a drama of compelling power and lucidity. In this climactic period of Churchill's life, more even than in any previous volume, he has proved himself a biographer well matched to the scale of his subject.

Desk-top editing

Christopher Chippindale

The squeeze on academic budgets is having its effect on scholarly journals. Except in a few fashionable subject-areas, subscription numbers are generally flat or declining. And it only takes a small drop to upset a journal's finances, because of the particular economics of the business. The subscription income is a direct function of the number of subscribers, while the costs do not vary much: many expenses - editorial and promotional, for example - are independent of circulation.

A major - sometimes the major - fixed cost is typesetting, which by conventional means can run to £40 a page and more; often the typesetting charge on the printer's bill is more than that for all the other items of printing and paper put together. Yet most academic articles are now written first on word-processors; they are printed out as "hard copy", and edited manually; then they are keyboarded a second time on to a typesetting machine which is, essentially, a fancier and more flexible word-processor. The whole performance is so loose that a series of proofs and proof-readings is needed to attend to catch the errors it introduces. The efficient method - which in theory cuts the bill to about one-fifth - is to take the original word-processor file, edit it electronically and use it directly to drive the typesetting.

Almost all academic authors will soon have word-processors. A survey of my own contributors (to *Antiquity*) showed that over 70 per cent were using them, and others were planning soon to do so. So it seems that now might be the time for journals to go over to "desk-top publication". My own experience suggests that it is.

First the great advantage. You can now reliably take word-processed copy from contributors, edit it on screen, then proof it on a

laser-printer in the office and pack the floppy disk off for typesetting, with every confidence that you will get exactly the type you specified set to full professional standards. (Nevertheless, a laser-printer does not begin to match typesetting quality, and you have to originate most pictures conventionally to get good results - it will not be worth doing everything on your desk.)

There are also disadvantages. There are all sorts of tricks one can use and pitfalls to be avoided in transferring text from one word-processor program to another, and no sign of an industry standard to make this an easy routine. Transferring from a word-processor to the industry-standard typesetting systems is harder still: you have to find a typesetter who will translate word-processor style into the different electronic formats printers work with. The problem here is the software: a word-processor, whatever its make, is based on the standard ASCII character-set - essentially that of the typewriter rather than the much fuller range of characters typesetters work with.

The typesetters do not distinguish opening and closing quotes. Some software will not support small capitals. Hyphens are used where en or em rules are really needed. Page make-up programs do not deal naturally with leading, the slight extra space between lines that is essential if they are to be easy to read. Journals and books, especially academic ones, demand all sorts of accents and characters, which are readily available from professional typesetters but often missing or hard to specify on the desk-top. (The March issue of my own journal will require, for example, characters for French, German, Danish, Italian, Turkish, Polish, Anglo-Saxon, simple mathematics and two kinds of Greek - and it is not exceptional in needing those.)

If a journal is struggling to get beyond xeroxed typewriting, or if your field deals with *sanskrit* copies taken from dot-matrix printers with worn-out ribbons, none of this will matter much. But what about those of us who are used to decent editing and professional typesetting? Will desk-top production actually produce something as good?

Often it will not and this is the heart of the problem. Desk-top publishing bypasses the costs of editing, typographic design and typesetting, so the author can move directly on to the printed page; but it also bypasses the benefits. Good copy-editing, checking, rewriting, revising can make a paper shorter, clearer and stronger. Typographic design is a real skill which takes years to learn. Typesetting, especially of mathematics and scientific characters, is no craft for the novice; not is making up pages neatly to a standard design. Proofs detect, as well as printer's errors, blunders that the author overlooked. Even simple keyboarding requires knowledge of many details, such as when a space between words should be fixed and when it may be variable, which very few academics - or their secretaries - possess.

But it is so very much cheaper. I expect to reduce the monstrous typesetting costs for my own journal to a quarter, while maintaining a tradition of excellent copy and typography.

Mathematizing the world

Dan Segal

PHILIP J. DAVIS and REUBEN HERSH
Descartes' Dream: The world according to mathematics
321pp. Brighton: Harvester. £14.95.
07108 11373

England's leading mathematician wrote in 1920, "If I am asked to explain how, and why, the solution of the problems which occupy the best energies of my life is of importance in the general life of the community, I must decline the unequal contest. I have not the effrontery to develop a thesis so palpably untrue." Twenty years later, G. H. Hardy expanded his remark into *A Mathematician's Apology*, a little book which has become notorious as the most extreme statement of the view that mathematics, at least "real", non-trivial, mathematics, has no connection with real life. Of course Hardy acknowledged that "high thinking of one kind is always likely to affect high thinking of another" - referring here to atomic physics - "but", he goes on, "it has extremely little effect on anything else".

Most mathematicians share Hardy's view of their subject as High Art. But few can now take seriously the idea that any part of it, however "pure" it may seem, is cut off from any possible application to the outside world. Mathematics is an organic entity; although it grows according to its own internal logic, it none the less forms part of the larger organic whole of natural science, and science, while trying to understand the world, changes it.

The direct and indirect impact of mathematical ideas on society at large has become much more obvious since Hardy's time. The cataclysmic events of August 1945 could hardly have occurred if the development of mathematics had come to a stop after, say, Newton. But there are many less explosive signs of mathematical influence all around us, and it is mainly with these that Philip J. Davis and Reuben Hersh are concerned in *Descartes' Dream*, a collection of occasional essays loosely grouped around the theme of "mathematics and society". Their aim, according to the preface, is "to make a statement and draw a moral. The statement is: the social and physical worlds are being mathematized at an increasing rate. The moral is: We'd better watch it, because too much of it may not be good for us."

The essays mingle historical and personal anecdotes with more general social observations and discussions of various philosophical or historical themes, and the whole is presented in a rather grandiose manner, which is initially entertaining.

The modern world, our world of triumphant rationality, began on November 10, 1619, with a revelation and a nightmare. On that day, in a room in the small Bavarian village of Ulm, René Descartes, a Frenchman, twenty-three years old, crawled into a wall above and, when he was well warmed, had a vision. It was not a vision of God, or of the Mother of God, or of celestial chariots, as the New York Times said in a headline of the following day. It was a vision of the world as it really is, a vision of the world as it should be, a vision of the world as it is being created by the end of the first chap-

ter an American gremlin seems to have put the typewriter, and we read that "Cartesian Descartes' Dream: The world according to mathematics". But apart from such lapses, the writing is sensible and straightforward enough, though the chapter headings are sometimes pretentious ("Of time and mathematics", "Metathinking as a way of life", "Non-Euclidean geometry and ethical relativism"). Such titles, however, do not make up for lack of serious substance. A resurrected G. H. Hardy might learn to his surprise how mathematics' best offspring, the computer, has come to dominate the worlds of business, science, films and dating agencies, but there is little here to startle a contemporary reader. Sections are devoted to the methodology of sociology of computing; these are long-winded and the points they make seem rather superficial. Thus a six-page interview with the computer scientist Charles M. Strauss, under the heading "A 'Marxian' analysis of the role of computing in organizations", puts forward the idea that a new means of production (the computer) has given rise to a new class, the programmers, whose loyalties are within the firm rather than to the firms which employ them. This is quite interesting but the analysis is pushed to any depth, and (as elsewhere) the reader is rather left wondering what he is supposed to conclude. A fourteen-page interview with Joan Richards establishes that the discovery of non-Euclidean geometry did not contribute to the development of "ethical relativism" in the nineteenth century; some points are made, but the main outcome seems to be that Philip Davis had an idea and even less content, as where the authors wonder whether "one day computer graphics will produce a masterpiece..."

Yet Davis and Hersh clearly care about things which matter, and make some worthwhile points. In "Mathematics and rhetoric" they discuss how mathematics - or pseudo-mathematics - is used as a social propaganda in social science (or pseudo-science). In "Mathematics as a social science" they question the place of mathematics in the United States: "Mathematics is the end of the world" is a moving phrase for mathematicians, and scientists generally face squarely their responsibility for the part any use of their work; they make the important point that an attitude of passive acquiescence on the part of the teachers is being passed on to each new generation of students, so continuing the monster to continue growing.

But this is not a book "which will be a book for browsing in, and as such it is pleasantly undemanding. A school library, or a dentist's waiting-room, would be the better place for it."

Postscript: The book is available at 20p.

Second Charles Cruickshank's *SOE in Scandinavia* (292pp. Oxford University Press. £15. 0 19215883 X).

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Tact and tactics

M. R. D. Foot

CHARLES CRUICKSHANK
SOE in Scandinavia
292pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0 19215883 X

The target of the historian who first attacks a set of archives on a subject that matters is to lay out his results that nobody will need to do the work again. On this target, unhappily, Charles Cruickshank has scored a magpie at best, rather than a bullseye. Official histories of the Special Operations Executive have now been privatized; the same author wrote another, *SOE in the Far East*, published three years ago. Authority evidently decided that here was a safe man, who could be let loose among the secret papers without raising awkward points, and did not take in the amount of academic attention that has been lavished on the history of resistance to the Nazis in Europe, in which SOE often played a predominant part: a single book in Norwegian and a single book in Danish figure in Dr Cruickshank's single page of bibliography. He gives no impression of familiarity with the large literature on his subject in both these languages and in Swedish; or of awareness that much of this literature is based

on partial SOE archives, available in the countries concerned and in the Public Record Office at Kew, which his eagerly awaited volume was expected to supplement.

SOE in Scandinavia does contain points of genuine use and interest; though an unappetizing short opening chapter consists of little more than a string of names and acronyms. Into the following one, called "Techniques", Cruickshank puts most of what he has to say about politics, often a central problem for SOE, but not for him. He recounts Section D's runs of misadventure, before SOE was formed - trying, for instance, to block the passage of Swedish iron ore to Germany through a young man who "knew nothing of Scandinavia, or its languages, or of iron ore, or of clandestine work"; and says a little of MI R, one of the other bodies from which SOE was founded; but leaves out all the doings in Norway of MI R's five independent companies, forerunners of the Commandos. Their commander on the spot, (Sir) Colin Gubbins, one of the few soldiers to come back from Norway with his fighting reputation enhanced, later rose to be SOE's executive head. It was bad luck for Cruickshank that Hugh Dalton's diaries, which reveal details of why Colonel Grand, the head of Section D, was sacked - for disloyalty - as soon as SOE had absorbed it, were not published till after he had gone to press; he might

all the same have consulted them in the library at the London School of Economics.

His summaries of SOE's exploits are equally bald and selective. His account of (Sir) George Binney's smuggling by sea of special steels and ball-bearings from Sweden adds little to what is already familiar, and does not tackle the problem of how important these shipments were to the British armament industry. He is too tactful to enquire what part SOE played in creating, quite apart from servicing, Danish resistance. He produces several entirely new stories of clandestine activities in Norway and in Denmark, stories of breathtaking bravery recounted in so deadpan a tone that they seem pedestrian. He also explains what Ronald Seth, that later prolific author, was up to: he had a mission into Estonia, and survived full-scale interrogation by the Gestapo.

Among companions in the secret struggle, he says a certain amount about SIS, for which SOE provided ground intelligence from Denmark: an exception (like Czechoslovakia) to the normal rule that SOE was not an intelligence-gatherer. He says hardly anything about the OSS, and leaves the deception service and the Special Air Service out altogether. Thus he provides some needed raw material; but the whole subject remains open to be worked over again, preferably by someone equipped with the necessary languages.

John C. 136

The complete New STC

Arthur Freeman

W. A. JACKSON, F. S. FERGUSON and KATHARINE F. PANTZER (Editors)
A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland and Ireland and of English Books Printed Abroad 1475-1640
First compiled by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave; Second edition
Volume One: A-H
620pp. Oxford University Press. £125.
0 19 721789 3

After sixty years of revision, involving over a thousand contributors and five principal editors, led finally by W. A. Jackson, F. S. Ferguson and Katharine F. Pantzer, "New" STC is alphabetically complete. STC, as it is known to its legion of followers among scholars, is a Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland and Ireland and of English Books Printed Abroad 1475-1640. It has its siblings among English imprint catalogues of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, known as ESTC and NSTC. But the eponymous pre-1641 STC, compiled by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave and published first in 1926, has now become the most meticulous and definitive extended work of bibliography, in any language and on any subject, ever achieved. Volume Two: I-Z of the second edition, because it was completed earlier, was published first (reviewed in the TLS, August 27, 1976).

Initiates will know this, but others may not: STC is an "imprint catalogue", committing itself to include a short title (five words minimum) of every book or broadside printed in England from the beginning of printing at Westminster, 1476, to December 31, 1640 (more or less: it was hard to be final), and of every such publication in any British language printed anywhere in the world before the same cut-off date. Thus a book in English printed at Bruges in 1473 or 1474 will be included, and so too a metrical *Psalm* in English printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640, as will Greek texts printed at Eton, Italian-language erotica with false imprints produced in London, Irish text in Holland, Latin text printed at Wesel for distribution in Ipswich, and anti-English propaganda, in English and sometimes not, written abroad, printed abroad, but falsely stated to originate from Edinburgh. What will not figure in STC is a work by a Briton in a language other than a British one printed abroad (like John Donne's *Conclave Ignati*, [?Hannu, ?1611], and most editions of John Owen's popular "Epigrams"). If a supposititious "Oath of a Freeman", printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639, were extant in Latin, it would be excluded; if in Welsh, it would be here.

Here also are broadside ballads, most of them without full imprints but thought to be of a date before 1641, blank printed forms for subscription or endorsement, indulgences, proclamations, almanacs, newsbooks and "corantos" (the ancestors of the newspaper) and such variegated ephemera as book-plates, trade advertisements and engraved portraits with printed legends. Some of these areas of inclusion are "grey", and are treated as such by STC: engraved matter is often included, but not always, and the reasons for such distinction, mostly *ad hoc*, are offered in the long and important introduction by Dr Pantzer.

Most extant survivals of this period (perhaps 90 per cent of the tally) are, however, "printed volumes", and STC is canonical for its authors: we find no better formal list of the works in print before 1641 of Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Tottel's *Miscellany*, nor (outside Volume One) of Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Gascoigne, Holinshed and Bishop Hall, to say nothing of the English Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Many of the major authors covered by STC have not had the compliment of a separate bibliography; at least recently, and STC will be essential for anyone beginning to study their publications.

Since 1948, when the formal revision of STC began (following the private projects, before and after 1926, of Ferguson and Jackson), every grateful scholar called upon to comment has said - cheerfully, peaceably, guardedly or blindly - that the work on the revision was "exemplary". And so it really is, as it emerges

in print - as indeed, for its own time, was the original of 1926. Numbers will not begin to reflect the changes, and one must bear in mind that the 1926 volume was itself the "sum" of nearly 250 years of prior compilation. Still, it is startling to find in New STC twice as many pages, and easily triple the text, including additions, differentiations and advice. The last matter is extraordinary in such a work: STC abounds in gratuitous benefits offered its readers, beginning with signals towards other bibliographies, extending to collations or critical history, included, quite properly, because they define editions or issues of books, especially controversial ones. Simple compassion towards the literary and historical scholar, presumed always (with justice) to be a little bewildered by the systems of analytical bibliography, informs many of the notes. Such editorial flexibility, incidentally, would be hard to expect from a data base: STC may be the last major bibliographical project carried out largely in the medium it treats.

The "location" of STC copies - libraries and collections where they may be found - was never intended to be other than selective, but the number of homes cited in all has risen from about 150 to nearly 500. Scholars of the present will appreciate the record of photocopies, often fortuitously preserved, of original texts now lost (misfold, mishandled, sequestered, destroyed). Scholars of the near future may anticipate the promised addition to STC of a third volume, of indexes and Addenda, similar to those of Paul G. Morrison and the unnamed "Master of the Date-File" - irretrievably useful lists by which we may find, for example, all the extant books issued in Shakespeare's twenty-first year, or all the texts published over a decade by a political maverick who happened also to print Spenser.

How practical are the provisions of New STC? A test of authors may tell us: the next editor of Robert Southwell, George Peele, John Owen, Lancelot Andrewes, William Perkins, or of a host of anonymous but compelling books will be hopelessly lost without this revision. To pick one minor author out of a thousand, if you wish to read a late-sixteenth-century poetical xenophobe named Thomas Knell, who travestied Chidcock Tichborne's marvellous "Elegy", "Old" STC will give you six titles, three of them mistranscribed, with an "elder" and a "younger" Knell conflated. New STC will distinguish between the latter (as far as the printed texts do), and give you nine titles, pointing you towards two repositories you may not earlier have considered. Such a ratio of new to old information is not unusual.

We owe the completion of this great work to Dr Pantzer, who brings to it the labour of twenty-four years, and a diffidence, in her preface and notes, which belies the rigour of her task. Those who know her, or have any inkling of the bibliographical routine, realize how demanding it has been. Her immediate predecessors, Jackson and Ferguson, shared with her the tedium as well as the excitement, the work of corresponding, examining, transcribing, recopying, reproofing (often of microfilm and blurry Xerox) and at last proof-reading over a million words, along with the leaps of imagination which result in the most "visible" discoveries or revision of information. Like the projectors before them, they must applaud the promotion of the will of the work into the actuality of print, which is largely Dr Pantzer's achievement. So must over 780 individuals, institutions, firms and foundations who are acknowledged in the prefaces as helpers - perhaps the fittest cloud of scholarly witnesses over, thanked in a preamble, STC as completed: is magnanimous repayment, with generous interest, of a very great debt.

Oxford University Press have done a masterful job producing this expensive book, but special plaudits belong to those who subsidized it. At £125 it isn't cheap, but 674 pages roughly nine by twelve inches can hardly have cost less than that to produce. Volume Two was originally priced £40, with an interleaved copy a bargain at £45. Now a plain copy of Volume Two is in print at £70; interleaved copies of Volume One will be available from Hovels Bookshop, Braybrooke Terrace, Hastings. Jackson began at the age of twenty-one with an interleaved copy of "Pollard and Redgrave", which is now a famous working rule at the Houghton Library. Who will be next?

TLS Listings

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books reviewed each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

Godell, Maurice, translated by Martin Thom The Mental and the Material: Thought, economy and society. 225pp. £27.95/\$34.95. 0 86091 136 5.

Architecture

Fitch, John Building Construction Before Mechanization. MIT. 320pp. £19.95. 0 262 06102 3.

Tausky, Nancy Z., and Lynne D. Distefano, photographs by Ian MacEachern Victorian Architecture in London and Southwestern Ontario: Symbols of aspiration. Toronto UP. 493pp., illus. £25.50/\$40. 0 8020 5698 9. 28/2/87.

Toons, Alexander, and Liane Lefebvre; translated Classical Architecture: The poetics of order. MIT. 306pp. £19.95 (hardcover), £9.95 (paperback). 0 262 06059 7.

Upton, Dell Holy Things and Profane: Anglican parish churches in colonial Virginia. MIT/New York: Architectural History Foundation. 278pp., illus. £39.95. 0 262 21008 8. 1/87.

Art, including photography

Blotkamp, Carel, et al., translated by Charlotte I. and Arthur L. Loeb De Stil: The formative years. MIT. 286pp., illus. £44.95/\$45. 0 262 02247 8.

Fuller, Peter The Australian Scapegoat: Towards an antipodean aesthetic. Nedlands: Western Australia UP. 65pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 85564 245 9. 18/2/87.

Griffiths, Antony, and Reginald Williams The Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum: User's Guide. British Museum. 189pp. £10. 0 7141 1634 3. 2/3/87.

Janson, H.W., revised and expanded by Anthony F. Janson History of Art, 3rd edition. Thames and Hudson. 822pp., illus. £25. 0 500 23459 0. 2/3/87.

Klein, Dan, Nancy A. McClelland and Malcolm Beasley In the Deep Style. Thames and Hudson. 286pp., illus. £16.95. 0 500 23438 8. 9/2/87.

Kroemer, Karl British Romantic Art. California UP. 278pp. £20.75. 0 520 05484 9.

Lucas, George, et al., translated by Edward Lucie-Smith Impressionism and Post-Impressionism Masterpieces at the Musée d'Orsay. Thames and Hudson. 200pp., illus. £9.95 (paperback). 0 500 27426 6. 2/3/87.

Mourant, Georges Showmen Design: African textiles from the Kingdom of Kuba. Thames and Hudson. 205pp., illus. £25. 0 500 97331 8. 2/3/87.

Rewald, John Cezanne, the Steins and Their Circle (Walter Neurath Memorial Lecture, 18). Thames and Hudson. 64pp., illus. £4.95. 0 500 55018 2. 14/2/87.

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